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1. Recitations

NAVY
Boylan, G.

When the Band Played

A BOOK FOR READERS AND ENTERTAINERS

BY

Geldert, GRACE (DUFFIE) BOYLAN

With Illustrations

BY W. W. DENSLOW, IKE MORGAN, J. T. M'CUTCHEON AND OTHERS

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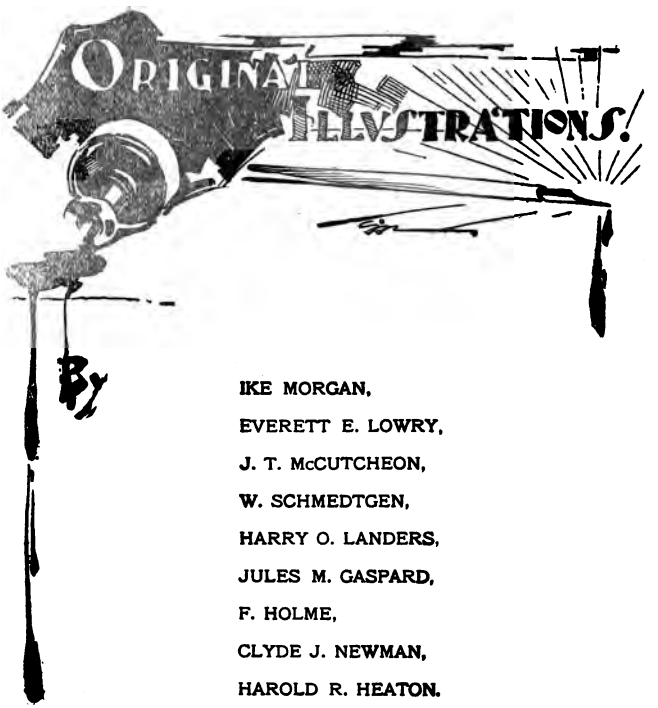

IKE MORGAN,

EVERETT E. LOWRY,

J. T. McCUTCHEON,

W. SCHMEDTGEN,

HARRY O. LANDERS,

JULES M. GASPARD,

F. HOLME,

CLYDE J. NEWMAN,

HAROLD R. HEATON.

COVER BY W. W. DENSLOW.

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TO MY MOTHER.

WHEN THE BAND PLAYED.

Up the street marched the village band, resplendent in uniforms of blue and gold and followed by the usual crowd of boys with steps all lengthened for the martial tread.

"O, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free."

The stirring strains rang on the air and thrilled the hearts of old and young, quickening their feet and setting them in time.

Even the old blind man resting by the wayside lifted his head and listened to the sounds. At first they only touched his soul with faint, confused remembrances; then the music seemed to bear him back to the familiar scenes he once had known. Now he seems to see his mother on the vine-clad porch, shading her eyes with her hand, and watching him as he goes down the long hill toward the

wooded stretch, where deep shadows waver across the yellow road, and beyond which he can hear the klingle-klangle of the cowbells from the meadow just below the brook.

October stands in those familiar paths; he feels her spicy breath full in his face, as the whirling, iris-tinted leaves shower around him and roguish squirrels scurry daringly along the way. He is a boy again. But hark!

> "O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
> What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
> gleaming."

Ah! now he sees his father with that strange, set look upon his face, as he came to him in the twilight of a summer day, and said, a little tremulously, but with a new thrill in his voice: "My boy, our country needs us—are you ready?"

Ready? Ah! was he not?

He feels again the thrill and glow of those days of preparation, and then! Oh, if he could have known that the fair head of the girl he loved would never rest upon his breast again; if he could have known that kiss was the last her sweet lips would ever give him in this world!

His gray head dropped still lower on his breast, and over the dust and grime on his furrowed cheeks rolled the slow tears. The music continued, but now the air was changed, and before the sightless eyeballs of the old man the notes flashed up and down like balls of fire:

"Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again, shouting the battle
cry of freedom."

Again he feels the shock and long, reverberating roar of battle. Robert, his brother, bears the stars and stripes. He sees them floating now above the blue, onmoving ranks.

Huzza!

On comes the storm of shot and shell; the minies scream a death song as they pass, and the dense smoke falls like a flame-fringed pall.

His comrade on the left drops out of sight; he was his tent mate and his lifelong friend; no matter. Forward! He leaps aside to dodge a circling shell; a warm spray showers on his cheek and hand—the life blood of his comrade on the right;—still, *Forward!* The lines are

closing, are together now. A trooper's saber cuts his brother down, a gray clad arm grasps for the falling flag. There is a shot, a rain of blows, a deadly, hate-filled conflict, hand to hand, and then a blinding, torturous flash that hides the flag forever from his sight—but it is saved! Yes—

"Down with the traitor
And up with the stars!"

The old man had risen to his feet and stood erect and soldier-like until the band passed by. He was poor, blind and helpless, but now no longer felt forgotten and alone. He settled down again, and soon the dews of evening cooled his brow, and slowly, up above, unfurled the starry banner of the firmament.

The boys had broken ranks and hurried to their room; and as one young fellow untied the tasseled bugle from his arm he raised it to his lips to sound tattoo—

"Blow out your lights, you lazy bummers,
Blow out your lights and go to bed."

The well-known strains rang clear, and as

the old man heard the notes his patient face shone with a great content. "The boys are all in camp," he murmured, "and soon we'll all be going home—going home."

He laid his hands across his loyal heart and turned his face, a patriot's countersign, up toward the watchful sentinels of night. And in the morning, when some passer-by tried to awaken him, with kindly touch, he found that he had answered to the heavenly reveille.

OLD FOLKS HEAR THE CITY CHOIR.

Father an' me are gettin' old;
We ain't used to the way
Of goin' to hear the singin', 'stead
Of preachin', Sabbath Day.

So when we was with Andrew's folks,
An' Sunday mornin' come,
We s'posed we'd hear the word an' jine
In the sweet hymns they sung.

An' when we stood in that dim aisle,
'Neath arched an' fluted stone,
A ray of light touched father's hair
An' his worn features shone.

The organ's grand an' solemn tone
Jest sounded like a prayer,
An' when it stopped I seemed to feel
Wings beatin' through the air.

"The prodigal," the preacher said,
"Of sinnin' weary grown,
Has left the swine an' now has turned
His face toward his home."

Then all at once the choir riz.
It almost made me laugh
To hear that young soprany shriek:
"Bring in the fatted calf!"

"Bring in the fatted calf, the calf,"
Implored the alto low,
An' all the rest jined in, as if
They couldn't let it go.

The tenor's pleadin' touched my heart;
A critter'd been a stone
Not to have come a friskin' in
In answer to 'hat tone.

Waal, pa, he sot with eyebrows bent,
Like bushes touched with snow
A-growin' round some sheeny lake,
Half hidin' its blue glow.

But when the bass had started in
A callin' fur that calf,
He jist reached fur his handkerchief
To cover up a laugh.

"Bring in the fatted, fatted calf,"
Bellow'd the base; an' stars!
Our grandson, John, called (half asleep):
"Grandpa, let down the bars!"

THE PRISON GARDENER.

"I let him putter around among the flowers some," said the warden, with a good-humored look toward the conservatory, where the old man was at work. "It occupies his mind and he doesn't do the plants any harm. He used to be a gardener, and a good one, too, I take it, by the handiness he shows in pruning and transplanting now.

"Oh, yes, he's a criminal, sure enough. He's been here for fourteen years, but as he has made time by good behavior—poor old fellow, he's never been a minute's trouble—his term will expire in a few months. He was sentenced for twenty-one years."

I looked through the windows of the plant-house and saw the convict in his stripes bending over a rose, a look of tenderness, such as a mother gives a little child, upon his face.

The warden was looking at him too.

"Who would believe that man could be a murderer?" I said. "I thought the love of flowers was a religion strong for the right as well as for the beautiful."

"Yes, and to make the illustration more striking, the flowers made him a murderer. He was a harmless, sober, industrious citizen, mild in his ways and benevolent, as far as his means would allow, to all he came in contact with.

"One day a mischievous boy trampled down a bed of violets and roused the old man to perfect fury. He warned the lad, alternately begging and threatening him with the law, but the boy was impudent and defied him.

"A white rose of choice variety had just begun to blossom, and the little fellow turned his attention to it, destroying buds and all. The old man's light hoe was leaning against the fence. He snatched it up—and in a minute the boy was dying among the trampled violets.

"I think the poor old fellow's mind has given away a little. He wanders at times, and sometimes my eyes get dim when I look at him, although I've been an officer in this state prison for more than twenty years, and am pretty well hardened and seasoned to such things."

I looked from the rugged features of the warden, firm of mouth and kind of eye, to the pale face with its silver hair and sad, dim eyes, still bending lovingly over the flowers in the conservatory. I am not a woman to carry dainties to please the epicurean tastes of burglars, or to comfort esthetic murderers with bouquets, but I wanted to talk with this man.

"May I speak to him, or is it against your rules?" I asked.

"Well, we don't encourage much visiting, but you can go in and talk to him a little while."

The man lifted his eyes and looked at me as I pushed aside the vines that hung over the arching door of the greenhouse and made my way to his side, bowing slightly to my greeting. He was visibly embarrassed, and a dazed, pitiful expression troubled his eyes.

"How beautiful that lily is!" I exclaimed. "Can you tell me the name of it?"

He named the lovely thing, and then half shyly pointed out another of the same family, but of different coloring, and lost his diffidence in talking of the subject so dear to his heart.

"I suppose there are some fine gardens in Chicago

now?" he said, with a question in his voice. "Fine gardens and greenhouses. I heard there was a new one at Lincoln Park. The flowers ought to be looking well now; an' later—a little later—the chrysanthemums 'll be here. I shouldn't wonder if I would see the chrysanthemums, for I shall get out of here the last of October, if things go well; but do you think"—his voice grew indescribably wistful—"do you think there'll be any roses left?"

I answered him hopefully.

"Well, mebbe there will, mebbe there will," he replied. "I want to see their faces first of all. No one will know me but the roses.

"Oh, yes, I have had them here; but they don't thrive in prison air, and I am, some way, hurt to have them brought in from outside. Did you say they would be blooming in Lincoln Park in October? Ah, thank ye, kindly; that quite heartens me!

"Fourteen years is a long time, miss, but I guess the time goes on about as it does anywhere, though I 'spose you don't think so.

"Have I suffered? Well, not much, except remorse, miss; and that is harder than aught else. I killed a little lad that pestered me and abused the flowers. God knows

I didn't mean to, an' I don't even know how it was done. But there's no use talkin' of it now. I was willin' to die for what I had done, but they put me here instead, an' I was shut up between these walls when they had the World's Fair!"

His voice was quivering and broken with excitement, and I knew that something moved him mightily. He stopped caressing the flowers and leaned against the door casing, a deep flush rising to his forehead.

"Miss, if I could have escaped then I would, if I'd died for it; an' I'd walked all the way there, an' I'd found that wooded island they tell about, an' the man that kept it. Then I'd been willin' to come back!"

"But there were other things at the Fair besides the flowers——"

"Not for me, miss; not for me."

"And there were interesting people from all over the world, princes and statesmen and——"

"Excuse me, but did you ever see a man working among his flowers by the name of——"

"Uncle John Thorpe?"

He had hesitated a little and I spoke the name for the sole joy of speaking it. He clasped his hands and leaned

toward me, a new light of hope and eagerness in his eyes.

"That's the man! That's the man!" he exclaimed, "An' when I get out of here I'm goin' straight to him, an' I'm goin' to beg him to let a poor old prison bird rest in his garden. Do you b'lieve he'll let me work for him, at little odd jobs, until he sees the flowers know me an' will let me tend 'em?"

His tones were full of eagerness, and his old hands shook tremulously. And I—without leave and yet without one quiver of uncertainty—answered heartily and positively:

"Yes!"

And so, when October comes, Uncle John Thorpe, and you see an old man, with clean-shaven face and close-cut hair, with cheap new garments and an air of great haste and pitiful wistfulness and uncertainty coming your way, you are to open the gate of your garden and let him in.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, I had said through the long night,
To-morrow, I shall have my heart's delight,
And all the wrong of yesterday made right.

And then from out my casement, sweet and clear,
A bird's first waking notes came to my ear,
And the fair maid of many hopes drew near.

One moment from the curtains of the night
I saw her bent to touch the East with light,
Then vanish like a phantom from my sight.

And lo! at once the shadows, dull and gray,
The rosy arms of Morning flung away,
And at my door, all giftless, was To-day.

AT EVENTIDE.

Sometimes the day drags heavily along;
The waves of tumult in the busy street
Strike on my heart with soulless, ceaseless beat,
And I can frame no song.

Then comes the eventide; and in a place
Upon whose lintel I have written "Home"
I rest as one love-crowned on a throne,
Forgetting Sorrow's face.

A little child, a cuddly, baby thing,
Close to my breast from smiling dreams awakes.
Dear God! What balm to ease a heart that aches
This motherhood doth bring!

My eyes grow dim for sorrows—not mine own,
But for the griefs my sister women bear
Who have no baby eyes to daunt despair,
No child-love to atone.

ISHMAEL, THE EXILE.

"I am a wanderer; call me 'Ishmael', he said, and father, resting his kindly eyes upon the dark, unhappy face, held out a welcoming hand and led the stranger in. He had found him leaning against a gray column of the wide piazza when he opened the door; a tall, weird figure in tattered, dust-covered garments, and with bare and bleeding feet. His hair, matted and unkempt, hung like a cowl sprinkled with ashes over his deep-set, smouldering eyes and half concealed the hole, where a bullet might have lain, above his brow. He started at the creaking of the hinges and straightened his weary form into a dignified posture.

"Why do you open your door?" he questioned, and the rags of his sleeve fluttered with an imperious gesture. "I did not knock. I only sought a few moments rest in the shade before pressing on. Does the city lie to the westward?"

He spoke with feverish anxiety, and his slight frame trembled as with an ague. Father, with a comprehending glance into his face, answered gently:

"The knock was at my breast. I knew that some

one waited for the cup of cold water that I had to give. Come in. Rest and refresh yourself."

"But the city, the city?" The traveler's eyes were wild with delirium. Father, dear heart, in his tender piety, misunderstood his meaning. He lifted his eyes to the Olympian hills, royal in the purple and gold of sunset, and said solemnly:

"The city is just beyond."

The man looked at him anxiously, hesitated, passed his hand wearily across his forehead and fell fainting upon the white sanded floor of the little room; entering, unknowing and unknown, the home where fate had kept a place for him, and where he was to remain for many years; becoming, as time passed, as much a source of affectionate pride as is the possession of some rare volume illuminated by a hand that centuries ago returned to dust and written in a long-forgotten tongue. We who became his friends, his family, knew nothing of his life beyond the chapter which began at our own door. In the long days of illness which followed his arrival, his piteous ravings were in a language unfamiliar to us all, and what father learned while watching over him, when life and death were struggling for the mastery, he never told.

"A man's life is his own," he said to us when we were curious to learn more of our fireside sharer: "who he was before he came to us we have no right to question. We are concerned only in what he is to-day. We have decided that: He is our friend."

We were not always quite satisfied, it is true, but that was father's way and we never thought of disputing him or choosing another; and now, after many years, I know that he was right, quite right.

"Ishmael", as he insisted on being called, came slowly out of the valley of the shadow of death and took his place, as naturally as though it had been planned, among us. We lived in a sparsely settled district of that glorious land "where rolls the Oregon", and school facilities were not what mother wished for her little flock. Father soon discovered that Ishmael's hand had touched the topmost branches of the tree of knowledge and was well fitted to bend some lower boughs within our reach. We also observed that his manners, courtly and dignified as they were, had lost the imperiousness which offended us the day

he stood footsore, wayworn and ragged at our door. He had become teacher, guide, philosopher and friend; a permanent member of our household and father's unfailing adviser and assistant. Free from all restraint and apprehension, of any kind, he shone in all the beauty of splendid manhood, and yet in moments of repose his face would move us to tears, so full was it of utter loneliness.

The Indians of the locality held for him a strong interest, which deepened in time into affectionate regard. He made a study of their sign language, history and traditions, and felt the liveliest sympathy for them in their wrongs. One time a tribe from the extreme northwestern portion of the territory camped in our valley for a week or more. There was a subdued excitement evident among them, and finally the chief, with whom Ishmael had become acquainted, told him the reason for it.

It was an impressive sight to see those two dark, stately figures standing face to face; and it must have been some hidden chord of kindred sorrow that drew them thus together.

The chief said that a number of his braves had been for some time along the northern waters of the Columbia, and had there discovered a most wonderful mirage which they had named the "Silent City." He declared that they had been able to distinguish streets, spires and buildings with startling distinctness and feared that a mighty city had risen in a night upon their own lands, and that they should return but to repeat the experiences which had so often been their own; to find a blue line of soldiery between them and their hunting grounds, ready to drive them "farther on" at point of gleaming bayonets. There was no city in Alaska of the beauty and magnitude of the one mirrored in the clouds and no one had been able to identify it.

Ishmael explained the phenomenon as best he could, by telling them that objects 10,000 miles distant might be transported in reflection as well as those in the immediate vicinity. The Indians, gifted in the lore of nature far beyond our comprehension, finally accepted his hypothesis and resumed their former confidence.

The years went by, and in the latter part of May, 1889, our family party set out for an extended trip along the palisaded Columbia, and up the blue Pacific into

Alaska; Ishmael, of course, accompanying us. One afternoon in early June, as we were riding slowly along over the foothills to inspect a rumored Eldorado, we observed that a heavy mist was lifting like a silver veil from the scarred face of the great glacier and moving slowly up toward the perfect sky. Suddenly a ray of light, brilliant and scintillating as the wand of some fabled geni, swept over it and left a wonderful mirage in the air. A city divided by a river and built with palaces, cathedrals, great public squares and gardens was photographed upon the clouds, presenting to our astonished gaze the streets, the architectural beauty, the very life of the strange metropolis in exact verisimilitude.

Ishmael was walking on a little in advance of us, one arm thrown over the neck of his burro and the other holding the folds of the gay Navajo blanket that hung like the mantle of a Roman senator over his shoulder. His head was bowed in thought and he did not share the illusion until attracted by our noisy delight. At a sign from one of us he lifted his eyes. For a

moment he wavered as though in a dream, and then a light, vivid as the transforming scepter in the sky, flashed over his face. He gave a strong shout, ringing and exultant.

"St. Petersburg!" he cried. "St. Petersburg, my love! I could not go back to you but you have come to me."

He stretched his arms toward the vision in the clouds and murmured low, inarticulate words of joy and tenderness, his face working with intense emotion. He turned to my father:

"I am not Ishmael, but John," he said. "Behold a new apocalypse—St. Petersburg! St. Petersburg!"

He beat his hands against his breast as if to still the heart leaping against its prison walls, and, turning, ran a few steps in the direction of the fast vanishing towers and cathedrals above the glacier heights; then, with uplifted arms, fell face downward upon the mountain path as he had fallen upon the floor of our little room so many years before.

We bent over him frantic with grief as father laid his hand upon his heart

and pulse and faltered: "He is dead."

"Who was he?" we cried. "Tell us because we loved him; tell us his name!"

Father raised the splendid head up to his breast and his manly tears fell fast as he passed a caressing hand over the furrow of the bullet in the wide white brow.

"He was a Russian and an exile," he said at last. "But his secret we will leave with him in the strong fortress of these northern hills, beneath the phantom of the city for whose sake he gave his all."

TEMPEST.

Lead me, O Father, for the way grows steep;
The briers catch my garments, and my feet
Are torn by rocks that hide beneath the sand;
Hold fast my hand!

I cannot walk alone: The storm in might
Bursts round my path and fills me with affright;
I feel the trembling of the earthquake shock—
Be Thou my rock!

I see thy face, my Saviour, through the night,
And lift my shaken soul to Thine own sight;
And thus abide till Thou the storm shall still;
And fear no ill.

A WEATHER PROPHET.

Ole Unc' Woodchuck jes' look wise
An' whiff de smoke fum out his eyes.

"'Fessor," said Br'er Rabbit, den,
"When'll spring be yere again!

"Dar's some rumors in de town
Dat she's been a-sneakin' roun'."

Ole Unc' Woodchuck jes' look wise
An' whiff de smoke fum out his eyes.

"'Fessor," said Br'er Jack, perlite,
"Folks dey tink yoh knows a sight.

"Yoh's a wedder prophet, shore,
W'en yoh shadder's at de doah.

"Is spring comin'?" Fro de smoke
Ole Unc' Woodchuck looked and spoke:

"Yes, I reckon she'll be heah,
Like she comes 'bout ev'ry yeah."

"Sakes alive!" Br'er Rabbit said.
"But Unc' Woodchuck's got a head!"

WHITE ORGANDY.

Even the very superior young man who condescended to show goods at the muslin counter did not seem inclined to snub the old gentleman after his first whispered confidence. Indeed, a fellow clerk looked at him in open amazement when he promptly acceded to the customer's request without waiting to hear the end of a story.

"Yes, sir," he said, "We carry a full line of thin white materials for graduating dresses. Here is some India linen, if you don't want it too thin; and here are mull and dotted Swiss."

He ran his hand under a fold of the sheer white stuff to show the woven fineness.

The old man fingered the snowy widths with his rough brown fingers, and looked from one bolt to another hesitatingly. There was a certain eagerness in his faded eyes and a nervous twitching of his furrowed face.

"I was looking for something they used to call organdy," he said. "Maybe they don't have it now, but that's what her mother had at her commencement

twenty-five years ago. She was my only child, sir. She was my only child."

The clerk stopped in his perfunctory assurance in regard to the goods to listen, in respectful sympathy, to the old man's confidences.

"I remember during those long afternoons of early June my wife sat in the midst of a cloud of this white stuff, while she hemmed and ruffled and edged with lace the dress Millicent was to wear on her graduating day, and it seems but yesterday that we drove along by the river road and up to the seminary to attend the exercises. It was a pretty anxious minute for mother and me when the principal announced her piece, but I tell you, sir, Millie was good for it! Why, I never was so moved by any oratory—but then, of course, I may have been a little partial. But her essay on 'The Future'—why—"

The clerk pushed the dress goods nearer and said: "This is organdy, sir," but the old man paid no attention.

"Yes," he continued, "Millie made a great success that day; and mother and I felt well repaid for what few sacrifices we had made to send her there. But that

wasn't the end of her white dress wearing. Before another June she wanted a finer one of silk, a wedding gown, and when she wore that mother and I took hold of each other's hands and held on hard. It wasn't like the graduating day happiness to us."

He looked away, a reminiscent look settling upon his mild features. The clerk glanced about, a trifle uneasily.

"Will you have a dress pattern from this, sir?" he questioned.

The old man lifted some folds in his hand and on the sheer white surface fell suddenly a glistening tear.

"The next time she wore white," he said, hurriedly and a little brokenly, "we scattered flowers above her and laid them in her hands; and then mother and I took hold of hands again—but this time over the little helpless fingers of Millie's baby."

He stopped and pulled himself together with a great effort.

"Mother hoped to be here for her graduation," he said, in a tone he attempted to make business-like, "but she got homesick for Millie and went away. But she told me to get organdy for Bessie's dress, and—"

"Yes, sir. How many yards?"

WHEN POLLY SAYS GOOD BYE.

It seems to me I never saw the days so swiftly pass
To make a path for summer o'er the dewy, em'rald grass.
I never knew the sky to hold such clear and tender light
Or heard the voices of the streams croon softly thro' the night.
But when with half a dozen friends we ride along the way—
And stop at rustic inn to taste of country curds and whey,
The charm is just as sure to fade—I often wonder why—
When Polly mounts her bicycle and says: "Good-bye!"

The apple trees that, while she staid, held in their rugged hands
Great bunches of the pretty bloom, have dropped them on the sands.
The breeze is cold and hints of rain; I hope 'twill come I'm sure,
The farmers need it badly for the crops are looking poor,
'Tis strange how soon the night comes on. The clouds are drifting low,

And if I want to miss the storm I think I'd better go.
Such sudden changes! You'll agree, no cloud was in the sky—
Till Polly took her bicycle and said: "Good-bye!"

What is it? Tell me ye who can; what light of land or sea
Throws golden glamour o'er the place where Polly haps to be,
And makes her orbs so like the skies that you must all declare
That they were right who were the first to locate Heaven there.
And sometimes I have half believed—do you suppose it's true—
Those blue eyes bid me follow when she says her sweet adieu:
"Why anyone with half a glance can see all that," they cry,
"When Polly mounts her bicycle and says: 'Good-bye!'"

A BAGGAGE READING.

"Character study is one of the most interesting fads we have now," said the purser of the great lake propeller as she slowly steamed out of the harbor and pointed for the shining blue waters reflecting the skies of September. "Physiognomy is one man's craze; phrenology or palmistry another's; and some tell your character to a T by the shape of your teeth or color of your hair. But I have a better system than that. When the boat starts I generally go below, like the captain of the Pinafore, and look over the baggage, and when I go up I know just the kind of folks we are carrying—their ages, occupations and peculiarities of temperament.

"You don't believe it? Well, come down with me and I'll give you a baggage reading."

Laughing and protesting, I followed my guide down the broad stairs through the dark corridors where the luggage was stored. But he was quite grave, and seemed to believe the nonsense he was talking.

"Here," he said, pointing to a steamer trunk plastered all over its canvas cover with the records of foreign

trips, "is the property of a man of the world who has traveled extensively—"

"No very great trick about that reading," I replied, cynically. "Those red, yellow, and blue tags are plain enough. But how do you know it's a man's trunk? I think a woman owns it."

The purser looked grieved.

"A woman," he said, "would have scrubbed all those marks off."

Poor man! He didn't know that neat packages of those same foreign stamps have been shipped here this very season, to decorate the traveling gear of many a woman who spent the summer in Podunk. And I did not enlighten him.

"Here is a woman's trunk," he continued, pointing to a huge Saratoga. "This belongs to a summer girl returning with victorious eagles from the northern resorts." He straightened his collar and ran his fingers through his hair jauntily. "All the fluffy, lacy, bewildering things that completed her conquests are laid in there. I can see her in my mind's eye. 'Tall as a daughter of the gods and most divinely fair'—"

"You forget that this is September," I said. "She will certainly have a freckled nose. Find an owner for this."

I pointed to a neat, cheap wooden trunk of moderate size, securely fastened by a buckled strap.

"That belongs to a good, respectable house mother who travels little, and then on some mission for her family. She had this trunk before she was married, and it is kept in the attic most of the year. This," pointing to a satchel of shiny leather, "belongs to a farmer; and it has carried many a load of fried chicken, fried cakes, and red-cheeked apples to the girls of the family who are in town going to school. Here is the bandbox of the severe maiden lady, and cheek by jowl with it is the sample grip of the festive drummer. Here is the costly leather bag of the wealthy old lady. It is full of silver-backed brushes, and tucked down in one corner is a little pot of rouge. I warrant you she wears a curled wig yellow as the golden-rod.

"This old box, now," he continued, pushing a shabby, rope-tied trunk with his foot, "is the property of a Norwegian servant girl on her way down from her summer's work in one of the big hotels. I'll bet her

name is Selma Peterson. See here it is scrawled on this ragged old tag. These people look out for their property, I tell you!"

He leaned over and read the name, and then lifted a very red face to me.

"Yes," I said meekly, in my stillest, smallest voice, "that is mine."

JOE.

Died in the poorhouse! What! Not Joe?
There must be some mistake, I know!
Why, boys, he was the lad that clim
Up, through the Johnnies' biff and bim,
To snatch the flag that afternoon
We had to dance to Dixie's tune

An' our old colonel uster say
That Joe alone hed saved the day.
An' since, I've been a-thinkin', sure
He'd hev a medal for a cure
For all the cuttin' up he got
Between the rebel shell and shot.

He was a soldier, through and through—
As brave as ever wore the blue
An' 'fore the war, I ricollect,
He hed good reason to expect
His business would be jest as fair
As any storekeeper's down there.

He took war fever pretty bad
Right from the start. But all he had
Depended on his stayin' hum—
An' thet's jes what he'd oughter done!
But when Abe called for volunteers—
Ye couldn't a-held him there with steers!

An' fight—good lan'! that feller fit
As if he reely relished it!
In ev'ry skittish place we'd go
Right in the thick of it was Joe.
An' when he'd yell with that wild vim
We couldn't help but foller him!

The poorhouse, eh? Joe'd ben to-day
A rich man ef he'd kep' away.
But when a feller's lost a limb
Th' band can git away from him;
Thet, with a saber stroke or so,
Is apt to make him kinder slow.

One time this town was proud enough
Of turnin' out such hero stuff,
When he came hum so pale and lame,

You'd raise a shout to speak his name,
An' his old mother cried with joy
A-talkin' of her soldier boy.

I reckon it's been thirty year
Since I was east before; an' here
I've ben a-gapin' up and down
Through all the stylish streets in town
Expectin' Joe at ev'ry turn,
With money and good luck to burn!

Died in the poorhouse!—well, I s'pose
I'll find the place to lay a rose
Above him; find the potter's field
Where the old soldier had to yield.
An' then I guess I'd better go;
Things ain't jest as I thought. Poor Joe!

AN EVERY DAY STORY.

Up many flights of echoing stairs, and then on through dark and narrow corridors until I found the place I sought.

"Vill madame enter?"

No blight of poverty, of age, or care could chill the graciousness of the speech or change the native charm and courtesy with which the little Frenchwoman bade me welcome to her cold, bare room.

"Madame vill pardon zat I haf not ze vin to offare?"

Her wan, old face, set with its flashing eyes, was filled with regret over her seeming lack of hospitality. And I — how could I tell her? — had come to wrest from her the sad secret of her hunger and bitter, hopeless cold and misery, that I might find for her some comfort and relief? Her name headed my list as a worthy "case," whose needs would be attended to by the paper I represented.

The tiny room was spotless in its cleanliness. Bright pictures were tacked in groups upon the dingy wall, and

over in one corner a single candle — the one light in the room — burned before a crucifix. The woman bustled busily about. Her figure trim in its much-mended cotton gown with snowy kerchief and cap. She was too polite to question me regarding my errand. Quite probably she had already guessed it.

"I grief much, madame," she said, at last, sitting beside me and looking sideways into my face. "Zat, monsieur, my husban', es not hare. My Engleesh ess ver' emperfact."

"Where is your husband?" I questioned with the blunt directness my mission made necessary. "Has he found work to do?"

She turned her innocent old face toward me.

"Non, madame; he ess absent for ze few day. Ze gendarmes zey escorted him to ze station de poleece."

"Why, is he in any serious trouble?" I asked, astonished. "What has he done? He does not drink, does he?"

The toilworn hands were raised in protest.

"Non, non, madame! Zat ess empossible! He dreenks nefar so leetle much! But it vas zis vay:

"It vas ze ver colt day and ze fire ve haf not. Francois, he haf for hees violin no strings, so ze music zat creeps into ze veins like ze vin and warms ze heart vas silent. Francois sit wiz brow like ze night and heart ver sad. Bimeby ve hare outside ze soun' of ze leetle piano vat runs on wheels, and zen come ze trample of 'La Marseillaise'!—

"Ah, madame, madame! le fer, le bandeau, la flame! Francois raised high ze window:

"'Vive la marseillaise! Salut a ma patrie!' he cry.

"My fingers tremble ven I go to ze drawer and take from it our von last coin. I press it into my husban's hand. 'Dreenk,' I sait, 'dreenk to La Belle France and ze music!'"

The color had risen in the faded cheeks and the black eyes sparkled with enthusiasm.

"And Francois—did he drink too much?"

"Ah, non, madame," she replied. "He had jûs' vat you call von 'jag petite.'"

I had never thought the slang word funny until I heard it from the precise lips of the little Frenchwoman,

and her honest pride in her husband's celebration of the musical event was not less amusing.

"When was he arrested?" I asked smilingly.

"Madame," she said, very impressively, "in ze nex' block resides ze Prussian, Herkmann. My Francois remembare, an' he had ze thought zat burst into laughter. So he hire ze man to play 'La Marsellaise' at ze Prussian's door. Ah, you should haf seen! Hans Herkmann rushed to hees door—to ze sidewalk out, ven ze music beat upon his ear, an' cried 'Stop! Stop!' But, aha! our von last coin was varm in ze pocket of ze player. Zen my husban's heart vas vide. He shouted, 'Aux armes!' an' vept wiz ze happiness, till Hans Herkmann comes out once more to break hees head some. Zen it vas ze gendarmes arrive to conduct Francois to ze station de poleece."

"Do ve hunger?" A slight cloud dimmed for a moment the serenity of her face. "Ah, sometimes, madame. But not so much ven ze violin haf all ze strings."

She went to get the candle to light my way along the hall, bowing reverently as she passed before the tiny

crucifix, and then stood at the head of the stairs as I went down, shading the flickering flame with her thin, transparent hand.

"Adieu, ma chere madame, adieu!"

I looked back into the smiling, care-defying face, with the candle light playing over the banded silver hair and touching faintly the furrowed cheeks and brow, and then went out into the night carrying its memory with me.

HAFIZ PASHA.

Ere ever the guns cease barking;
Ere ever the curved blue blade
Is dry of the drops, like rubies,
From the heart of Christian maid;
Ere ever the crescent trembles—
(God grant it may fall ere long!)
I would raise for a Moslem soldier
The praise of a Christian song.

Not alone to the Lord's anointed
Is given the victor's sword;
For a lion's heart awakens
Sometimes in a wolfish horde.
And e'en in the Kurdish legions
That war on the faint and weak,
Have arisen a hundred warriors
As brave as the dauntless Greek.

It was down at the Pass Milouna—
When the blood of th' Greek ran flame;
Ere the jeers of a fickle people
Had weakened his hand with shame—

That out from the swarthy troopers,
Unheeding their warning cry,
Rode Hafiz, the fighting pasha;
Hafiz, the leader, to die.

Like snow lay his beard on his bosom;
Lordly and calm was his mien;
And his eyes from their bristling ambush
Flashed each like a scimitar keen.
And the serried ranks that faced him
Scarce smothered their rousing cheers
As they sighted the doughty hero
In the pride of his eighty years!

No stranger was he to a thousand
Who saw him ride forth that day.
And comrade and foeman together
Cried out to the vet'ran to stay,
But he turned to the officers near him
And said, with a darkening brow:
"As I fought with the Russians at Plevna,
I'll fight these infidels now!"

Right grand was the man in his daring;
He rose in his stirrups and swung

Out into the thick of the battle,
As an oak in a torrent is flung.
"Ping!" 'twas the voice of a bullet,
And red grew his cheek and his beard;
"Ping!" from his grasp clattered downward
The sword which so many had feared!

"Halt and dismount, Hafiz Pasha,"
His followers cried, riding nigh.
But he looked in their reverent faces
With a flash in his fast-glazing eye,
"I did not dismount for the Russians—
Though led by their White Tzar," he said,
"And shall I—" a bullet made answer;
He fell from his horse's back, dead!

And so, ere the guns cease barking;
Ere ever the curved blue blade
Is dry of the drops, like rubies,
From the heart of Christian maid;
Ere ever the crescent trembles—
(Pray God it may fall ere long!)
I will raise for a Moslem hero
The praise of a Christian song.

AT THE REFUGE OF SAINT SOPHIA.

The afternoon shadows crept into the little sewing-room of the Refuge of Saint Sophia, and the pale mother superior folded her work, smoothing the coarse seams with careful hands, and stepped out on the western porch. Her glance drifted across the well-filled waving fields and rested upon the white road winding across the background of green and slipping from sight in the deep wooded stretch that joined the hazy purple of the far horizon. How long the way had been to her torn feet when, after days and nights of ceaseless journeying, she reached this refuge, nestled in the great Swiss mountains, and with a wild and sobbing cry had fallen blind and fainting at its door.

Why, that was fifty years ago—fifty years! And she had prayed so earnestly, it seemed she could not even wait the time of asking, to die then. Ah! she had learned to live since that time, and had caught the secret of forgetfulness in loving servitude for others. She wondered now, a little vaguely, how the world that she had known would look to her long sheltered eyes. They heard so little in this place, even when nations shook with the

toppling down of thrones. And it was well. She, mother of mercy! she had heard enough.

She lifted her hand to shade her eyes and the red sunlight shimmered through its transparent flesh quite as it did that afternoon in May when at her wedding fete she had lifted the ruby wine and cried:

"Vive la patrie! Vive le roi!" looking in eyes that spoke again to hers.

But hark! She knew the mutterings long heard around the throne had swelled into a savage cry, and "the faint, long echoing footsteps" become a trampling, living sea, breaking in ever fiercer waves of blood and devastation against the eight grim towers of the Bastile, under whose shadows all the day St. Guillotine counted her beads. It was her wedding day! Could they not hush for those tender hours the awful cries and the wild clamor of the blood-drunk mob?

She saw again the garden's leafy shade, the fierce-

eyed horde that came unbidden guests, the scowling, red-capped woman who tore off her bridal-wreath and raised a crimsoned knife to strike her down. Afterward, through the horror-filled days of hiding and of flight, she felt that she had heard the harsh inswinging of the Bastile doors shutting the love-light on her young husband's face forever from her sight. But the pitying friends who saved her life that day told her that he had fallen there, and then she had gone mad! Hark! Was that a tumbrel rattling over the pavement? Ah, no; only a peasant's cart moving along the quiet country road. The woman made the sign across her breast, stilling the tempest of her soul.

It was always shady in the afternoon where the rose-vines climbed to the mossy roof and laid their dewy blossoms against the gray columns of the wide piazza; and the old man sat where the breeze stole over the jasmine at the side before it came to touch the thin white locks upon his brow, sat there alone with the past, and seeing only the scenes that memory painted on the inner curtains of his sightless eyes. No one knew who he was or where he came from beyond the name given in the brief entry in the yellow-leaved register. The writing of that was a

little unsteady, too. Quite unlike the mother's usually careful hand. But she had written it the day he came with feeble steps along the dusty road, groping his hesitating way up to the ever-open door.

"Jean d'Armand," he had answered when asked his name, and even the children noticed that her face grew whiter as she said:

"Jean? I did not hear aright. Did you say Jean d'Armand?"

The old man turned his face, tense with the listening look the blind have, at her voice and replied:

"Oui, madame, Jean d'Armand."

She drew the folds of her veil still closer about her face, whispering to herself the stranger's name.

The days went round, a skein of light and shadow wound from the hands of Time, and the stranger seemed content. He spoke but seldom to the rest, but lived, as the blind must, in a world peopled with memories. The earth sounds grew so indistinct and low they ceased to jar upon his ear. He heard the music of the poplar trees unfurling their green and silver banners, and all the air was filled with whisperings of peace, the while he waited, a poor pilgrim, at the sunset gates of life.

The sisters, flitting noiselessly about, spoke gently to him as they passed his way, and the little children, with wide, shy eyes lifted to his face, vaguely recognized the touch of sorrow there and tried to comfort him,

"Is it because you are so near Heaven that your head is touched with snow, Father Jean?" said little Marie, whose gaze had wandered from the mountain's silver crown to the aged head beside her.

"No, dear one," he replied; "it is because I am old."

The child caught the note of pain in his voice and questioned with a caressing touch:

"Does it hurt to be old, monsieur?"

"Once I would have thought so, dear one," he replied, "before the world I loved so much had crumbled into ashes, but now I have learned to say:

"'I am old and blind,
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted by my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.
I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father, Supreme, to Thee.'"

Another listened with the child, as with rapt, unseeing eyes and glorified face the old man continued:

"'O, Merciful One!

When men are farthest then art Thou most near;
When men pass by me and my weakness shun
Thy chariot I hear.'"

His voice rose in its triumphant joy, and in the shadows of the ivy at his side the black-robed nun stood with her thin hands clasped across her breast and yearning eyes fixed on his face.

"Jean!" The cry burst from her long-disciplined lips.

The old man started from his seat. "Who calls me?" he cried. "Who calls my name with the voice I thought drowned in the commune's roar?"

"I called you, Jean, Jean d'Armand." And the nun stood there before him, straight and tall, the sunset glow touching her white hair and face with almost saintly beauty.

"I called you—" And the heart-throbs broke in waves the simple words: "Now speak my name."

He struck his hand against his eyes as if to break the seal of darkness there, and then cried, it seemed to the woman's soul, with a voice like the angels' calling to the dead "Arise!"

"Ninon, Ninon, my wife!"

Earth has few moments of such solemn joy; and as he told her how the grave had yawned and turned him, like the Wandering Jew, away, they heard the angelus from the gray, distant tower, and knelt together in the fading light. The darkness deepened and the woman's head slipped over till it rested on his breast; and when the sisters came with loving care to lead her feeble steps away to her bare, white cell for the night's rest they found that One had been before them and had touched the faces of those reunited ones with that still look of peace that men have misnamed death.

TO MY OLD WHEEL.

You would get no prize, I know,
Dear old wheel, at cycle show,
And good reason!
For you passed through sorry days,
While I learned your playful ways,
That first season.

True, you weren't so very fine
When I caught the dealer's sign,
"Second-handed."
And I paid for you, my dear
In installments, which I fear
He demanded.

From the time the daffodils
Set their crinkled yellow frills
Flaunting gayly,
And from time of vi'lets bloom
Till the golden rod's dark plume
Deepened daily,

You and I were comrades true —
You to me and I to you
  Faithful ever.
Through the starshine and the day,
Storm and sun, we kept our way
  Close together.

Now as Winter lifts his wing
From his breast, where sleeps the Spring,
  I have sought you;
Just to tell you not to fret
Or to think I have regret
  That I bought you.

Were you sorrowful, old friend,
Waiting, in the dust, the end?
  Let me tell you;
Not for sake of any wheel
That the season can reveal
  Would I sell you!

"W'Y AIN' YO'?"

Li'l brer Squirrel brung in his coal
  W'en Jack Fros' fust cantered fro;
Packed his taters in dere hole—
  W'y ain' yo' all done dat too?

He wa'n gwine ter be su'prise
  W'en ole Winter bu's' de doh;
He done kep' his wedder eyes
  On de harves' fiel's an' stoh.

Gedder dar an' gedder yere—
  Ain' no time foh foolin' t'ings;
Den he tips his easy cheer
  An' he plunks de banjo strings.

Craps all in, an' geddered dar;
  Loafin's all he's gotter do;
Whiff de smoke fum his cigar—
  W'y ain' yo' all done dat, too?

THE BELLE OF THE BLOCK.

Along about 5 o'clock, when the afternoon sunlight was mellowed a little by slowly purpling shadows, and the red-cheeked factory girls commenced trooping by on their homeward way, we began to watch for her. Perhaps you would not have noticed her among the rest, she was so tiny—quite hidden, if she walked between their irregular phalanxes, or even if one of her sturdy, broad-shouldered companions kept on either side of her in their vague, unspoken sympathy for her infirmity. Not that she required pity! There was not a step among them as light as hers and her small head lifted over the cruelly deformed shoulders as brightly and as bravely as though she never had heard the whisper "hunchback" as she passed along the street. I often lingered at my window to see her trip up the steps of the dingy boarding-house across the way, and then, if the day were fair, to wait until she reappeared, her little red cap removed and her face and hands glowing rosily from their brisk, cold bath, and noted how she poised and fluttered from one side of the iron guarded porch to the other; for I knew that it would not be long before the handsome blond giant from

the corner drug-store would meet the pale young man from the opposite boarding-house at the foot of those same stairs—for they were rivals, and the little cripple girl was the belle and coquette of the block.

It was winter when I saw her first; and since the day that she raised her eyes and answered my bow and smile as she passed, we have been friends. A red carnation grew in my window and I often pinned a glowing blossom on the little gray fur boa at her throat; but mine were not the only flowers she wore. I looked across the street upon a charming little love drama, but could not, from my distance, decide which was the more favored lover. The two men seemed equally devoted, but I often wondered if either of them would be willing to take "for better or worse, through sickness and health" the little cripple, who now, as though unconscious of her misfortune, received their homage with all the graciousness of a woman of the world, without betraying by word or sign the slightest preference. I favored the blond at first, he was so splendidly big and strong—and she would need such sure, untiring arms! But I learned that the other was a neighbor, one who had grown up on the farm adjoining her little home, and who had followed

her to the city when she came, with the unspoken purpose of being near her and shielding her as far as possible from every care and danger.

It was a strange and beautiful thing to note the strong, pure love surrounding that helpless little creature, and I often pondered upon the end of the story. Sometimes Jo Field, the country lover, would stop to talk with me as he was going home in the twilight, and one night his heart overflowed into confidence.

"Have you seen Minnie to-day?" he questioned. "I think she is growing pale and thin; that factory is killing her! Oh, if she would only let me take her home!"

His voice trembled on the last word and I could see that his dark eyes were full of tears.

I hesitated a little, but finally said:

"Do you really wish to make that little one your wife?"

He looked at me very earnestly and his plain face grew noble as he answered:

"It has been my hope since she was a tiny child and I was the only one who could carry her about without hurting her. I am the one to take care of her always, and when she will let me I shall take her home."

Sunday and yesterday I watched for my little friend and felt an odd sense of anxiety because I did not see her. Sunday is always both holy day and gala day with Minnie; for, good little Christian that she is, she trips off very early to church, and then, with a bright ribbon in her pretty hair and a rose pinned at her throat among the laces of her dainty gown, she flits from window to porch of the house across the way, or walks in the park or along the Lake Shore drive with Jo or the blond young giant from the drug-store.

This week I had not seen her, and when last night my bell rang hurriedly I felt a vague sense of alarm and expectancy which was not lessened when Jo entered the room. His face was whiter than usual and deep shadows lay under his eyes.

"Minnie was hurt by the cable Saturday," he said in a dull, monotonous voice. "To-night they are to tell me —what—to expect. I thought—may be—I could bear it better—if you should go with me. I——"

He turned hastily and left the room. I caught up my hat and cape and followed him silently. He walked as though in a dream, his hands hanging at his side, his eyes staring ahead in hopeless misery. I started to cross

the street toward her lodgings, but he motioned onward.

"To the hospital?" I asked, suddenly comprehending. He nodded, and we boarded the north-bound car and rode far along the brilliantly lighted street, until we reached the quieter neighborhood of the place we sought. My escort breathed unsteadily and walked with quick, nervous steps along the path, shining white in the moonlight, and up to the door.

We followed the low-voiced sister through the long, quiet halls and up to a little white-walled room. The man was on his knees beside the snowy iron bed in an instant, his lips falling softly and reverently upon the thin hand outside the counterpane.

"Minnie," he whispered gently, yet with an intensity of love and longing; "Minnie, can you speak to me?"

The lids fluttered and lifted over the dark eyes and her glance rested upon his face.

"Poor old Joey," she whispered, while something like her old arch smile lighted her white and pain-drawn face, "you're going—to have—such a ridic'lous wife." The words were half lost in the long-drawn sigh of perfect contentment.

"Minnie!" the rapture of a lifetime was condensed into the utterance of that one word. She nodded faintly and her hand crept up until it rested on his head and then down to cover the pain she knew must gather in his eyes as she said:

"I can—never walk again—Joey, but," she lifted his face to meet the gladness shining in her own, through all her tears, "but—I am glad I am going to get well."

To-morrow they are going to be married. Was there ever anything at once so foolish and so beautiful?

"She needs me now, much more than ever," he explains, "for I could always carry her about in my arms without hurting her, and I have loved her since she was just—so—high."

OLD SETTLERS.

Old Silas Bangs was reely bent
On bein' "oldest resident;"
Got here in eighteen twenty-one—
But Hodge sed that was when he come.
An' them two haggled hard an' fast
Ter find out which hed come here last.

It looked like foolishness ter me
Ter see them old chaps disagree.
Si chawed terbacca by the pound,
And argyfied, when Hodge was 'round.
About the time they bridged the creek,
Or when John Smith was taken sick.

Hodge said his ox team floundered down
In a big hole that's now the town.
But Bangs was sure as he could be
The hole wan't there till twenty-three;
An', more'n that, he'd thought it o'er,
The road wan't built till twenty-four!

He'd come along an Injun trail
An' cut the timber in the swale;

That him an' Widder Potter's boy
Laid down to make me corduroy
Across the swamp, so they could haul
Their tavern lumber 'fore the fall.

Hodge said that it wan't no such thing!
The log house there was built the spring
Of eighteen twenty; an' he knowed
Just all about who made that road!
Then them old chaps would draw up nigh'r
An' growl, like dogs, afore the fire.

I've seen 'em fight like barefoot kids,
An' clinch an' punch each other's ribs.
Till Bangs was down, with Hodge on top,
A-whimperin' fur him ter stop!
Hodge was a hundred, an' I guess
Si, when he died, was suthin' less.

Old settlers is so kinder scurce
They give Si carriages an' hearse.
But if a man was ever glad
'Twas Hodge there in the mourners' cab!
He didn't make no bones to say
That he had won out, anyway.

But arter that he seemed to pine
An' sort o' falter in the line;
"I ain't jes' sick," he said, "but now
Life ain't wuth livin' enny how.
Since Si's ben gone I've thought, with pain,
He'd got the best of me again!

"Wish I'd gone fust; for if I lag
Si'll hev another chance ter brag;
An' say he paved the golden street
Afore it ever tetched my feet.
But I dunno as I need care—
There's some ahead of him up there!"

VINES OF MEMORY.

Where a regiment is bivouaced
In God's quiet acre, there
Where you see the banners waving
In the fragrance-laden air,
I, to-day, beheld a woman,
Dark with Ethiopia's hue,
Pray beside the lowly pillows
Of the sleeping boys in blue.

Like a bronze and graven sybil,
Freed from silence for a space,
Stood she with her soul illuming
All her dark and furrowed face.
And a score of race and kindred
Gathered 'round her as she gave
Thanks unto the God of freedom
From her place beside the grave.

"Lord," she cried, "we bring no garlands
On this day to wreathe our dead;
But we stretch our hands, unshackled,
O'er each low and narrow bed;

And the scarlet vines of mem'ry,
Twined with immortelles, will be
Rooted in these graves and growing
'Round the flag and up to Thee!

"Thou didst strike our chains asunder
With thy flaming sword of Right,
And from 'neath the cloud of bondage
Led us out into the light.
Great the price that sealed our ransom
At the nation's judgment bar,
When for us and for our children
Fell the flame-fringed pall of war.

"These who rest are they whose life-blood
Filled a fount for us to lave,
Where a man came forth who entered
The red flood a shackled slave,
And with level-lidded glances
Gazed his master in the face,
Never more to cringe and tremble
In his base, degraded place.

"We, with lifted eyes, are standing
'Tween the dead and quick to-day;

The Grand Army of Republic—
  Still our shield and still our stay,
Keep us ever loyal to them,
  Let the vines of mem'ry be
Rooted in these graves and growing
  Round the flag and up to Thee!"

SUNDOWN.

He stood long at the western window, the last faint rays of the setting sun gilding his splendid head and lighting his strangely quiet features.

"Daughter," he called as I entered the room, "come and see the sunset."

I slipped beneath the window's drapery of lace and stood beside him. "Why! father," I began—

"Look," he said, "how the clouds pile up over the towers of pearl and jasper—"

"But, father—"

"And see how the scarlet glory laps about their base—a meeting of flame and ice; a palace of snow on fire! Away on the right the cloud mountains stand, their white brows bared like priests before an altar; their shoulders hung with amethyst and gold; their veils of dusk threaded with purple and silver. The sky like a hollow sapphire,—their cathedral dome! A rare and beautiful sunset, daughter—"

"But father!"

"Ah, the wind freshens. How spicy the air that

blows from the vineyards on the hill. Do you see the grapes? Why, they are like the clusters of Eshcol! They shine translucent as jewels in this golden light—"

"But father, oh, father!—"

"What is it you say? 'The light has gone from the western sky and it is now quite dark!' Ah, little one, must it come so soon, so soon? Draw near to me, darling; put your face close to mine, and we will wait together a little while in the darkness. All the to-morrows you must welcome for us both, dear, for I—come closer, daughter—I am blind—utterly blind!"

WHEN PAPA WAS A LITTLE BOY.

When papa was a little boy
He never had a single toy,
'Cept jes' a knife 'at gran'ma kep'
To dig up greens and mignonette;
But my! he had the mostest fun
An' mostest larks of anyone.

He had a stick jes' like a gun,
An', all himself, he made a drum,
An' nen he'd march an' march aroun'
A-makin' such a drefful soun'
'At gran'ma usto hide her head;
"I guess the rebs have come!" she said.

An' nen she'd watch a little while,
An' nen she'd cry an' nen she'd smile,
'Cause gran'pa wasn't gran'pa nen,
He was jes' only "Cap'n Ben."
An' papa was a soldier's boy
'At didn't want no common toy.

He'd weed the flower beds, and nen
He'd whittle out some giant men,

An' dip 'em in the bluin' tub
An' march 'em off wif rub-a-dub.
An' cut more trees 'n Washin'ton,
'Thout gettin' spanked for even one.

His ma said Santy couldn't come
'At Trismus, 'an he missed him some,
But Trismus Eve, when all was dark,
He made a dreat, big Noah's ark,
An' lots of animals an' sings
Wif yellow eyes an' dreat, black wings.

An' jes' like Santy, packed 'em tight
In auntie's stockin' in the night.
My! she was jes' as glad—as glad,
'Cause 'at was all the gifts she had.
An' papa laughed to hear her tell
'At Santy liked her awful well!

I've got a sousand sings, I guess;
Engines, an' tops, an' printin' press,
A Shetlan' pony, an' a goat
'At bumps me down, an' nen a boat.
But I wish Papa'd saved 'at toy
He played wif w'en he was a boy.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Mother tells me in her letter, with an effort to be gay,
That she has counted seventy wingéd years!
But the page is slightly crumpled where her nervous fingers lay,
And here and there I see a mark of tears.
So I'll slip away, to-morrow, to the quiet little place
With mignonette and sweet briar overgrown;
And, stealing in, will kiss her on her startled, joy-filled face;
It's mother's birthday, and I'm going home!

She says: "The boys are coming, and I wish, my baby, you
Could leave your story weaving for a while.
I'm near the gates of evening, but I think the dusk and dew
Will melt away before your loving smile."
And then she tells me simply how her pray'rs attend my way
Through all the weary paths I tread alone.
My heart grows faint with longing, and I turn aside to say:
It's mother's birthday, and I'm going home.

A SON OF ITALY.

All the long summer he had kept the little glass-covered cart, like a showcase on wheels, on the same corner; and the children for blocks around used to patronize him, sure of a good measure of crisp white pop corn, and plenty of butter; while the young people, strolling by in the early evening, often stopped long enough to buy one of the gayly striped paper bags.

Through the hours the little gasoline flame flickered like a beacon in the darkness, and the late passer-by would hear the vender call cheerily:

"Pop-a-corn! Pop-a-corn! Don't forgeta da pop-a-corn!" He showed his white teeth in a wide smile as he spoke and shook the square wire popper over the fire until every round, brown grain had put out its snowy wings. "Buy a pop-a-corn! Nice, white pop-a-corn! Everybody lika!"

Night after night, as the season advanced, he stood in his accustomed place; but as the autumn lost its brilliancy and the nights grew cold, a waffle vender moved down quite close to him and a wienerwurst man

took up a position on his other side. Patronage began to fall off as the cold increased; and he saw with dark, reproachful eyes that many of his old-time customers were going over to his neighbors. His smile was less frequent; a plaintive note crept into his call, and he often spread his hands, quite empty, over the blaze; and the little pile of corn was undiminished.

His companions regarded him with little favor, but one night a passer-by heard him try, with all the soft cajolery of his race, to convince the waffle-man that ten cents' worth of popcorn would be generous exchange for his two-for-five waffles. But the man was a Teuton and obdurate.

"Nein," he said, and went on pouring the cream-like batter into the ridgy molds.

The Italian went over to the wienerwurst cart:

"Ten centa — nice pop-a-corn for ze leetle hot-hot?" he said. But the Irishman inside did not hear him, and he went slowly back across the street. A few late wayfarers were still abroad.

"Buy a pop-a-corn," he cried, piteously, "everyabody lika it — nobody buy it!"

The soft snow that had been falling changed into a sleet, driven furiously by the wind that swept in from across the lake. The wienerwurst man, who should, in the fitness of things, have been a German, prepared to put out his light and turn in, when he suddenly caught sight of the dark eyes fixed wistfully upon him.

"Hi! Dago!" he called, wrapping a couple of the sausages, steaming hot, in a brown paper. "It's my trate! Warrum yersilf wid these an' be home wid yez!"

The man took them in his hand and then began to laugh wildly, his brain quite turned with the cold and hunger. He flung himself down upon the pavement with arms stretched wide and face turned up toward the storm. But when the police came he was very quiet and offered no resistance when they took him away.

It was nearly daybreak, and they left him sitting quietly in the warm, dimly-lighted station. Twice he moved a little uneasily, and broken snatches of song fell from his lips, and once he startled the sleepy officer on duty by the words—beginning in a tone of cheery assurance and ending in notes of indescribable pathos:

"Everyabody lika it—noabody buy it!"

Morning came and the stir of the court began. The Italian's case was called and a policeman shook him vigorously, then bent, quite suddenly, and looked into his eyes.

"Is your man ready, Mr. Officer?" questioned the judge.

The officer removed his helmet and turned to face the court, a strange look upon his ruddy face.

"Your honor," he answered, laying his hand gently on the shabby shoulder, "the man is dead."

THE OLD MAN RIDES A WHEEL.

The girls was allus pest'rin' me
To git a wheel and learn to ride.
"Land, pa," they sez, "why, can't you see
Thet folks as old as you hev tried?"
An' they kep on until, by gum,
I reckoned all I hed to do
Was jest to ketch her on the run
And jump aboard an' pedal through.

I've rid good hosses all my days;
Broke hump-backed bronchos to the rein
An' made a cayuse mend his ways
When I was ranchin' on the plain;
An' so I sez: "Wall, yes, I'll go
An' take a spin," with no concern
Till mother raised her specs, jest so,
An' sez: "Why, pa, you'll hev to learn!"

I felt real riled! I ain't so old
Thet I don't know what I'm about!
I went right up to where they're sold

An' bought a wheel an' fetched it out.
The girls stood by, a-lookin' white,
But snickered some an' called: "Take care!"
An' ma said: "Pa, it is a sight
To see a fool with sich white hair!"

But I jest stiddied her an' went
To mount as I'd ben told in town;
But 'peared to me the thing was bent,
Fur it was sot on layin' down,
An' every time I struck the seat,
Jest like a mule 'twould kick an' balk,
An' turn a summerset complete
Across the flower bed an' walk.

Ma held it up fur me at last
Until I got my balance some,
But when I started ped'lin' fast
I couldn't stop the thing, I vum!
It tried to climb each pesky pole,
An' jump the fences, an' the creek,
An' by the time we struck thet hole
I'll own thet I was feelin' sick.

I knowed about it, an' I meant
To steer away from where it lay,
But, straight as if it hed ben sent,
The wheel jest scooted off that way.
I couldn't shake them toe-clips free
Er stop her, fur I wasn't let;
An' if we hedn't struck that tree
I guess we'd ben a goin' yet!

Biff, bang, I saw the splinters fly;
An' then, head over heels, I fell,
A hundred feet—er purty nigh—
Down to the bottom of the well
Thet Green leaves open, careless like,
On his back forty next to mine,
An' there I was, with my new bike,
A heap of kindlin' wood, split fine!

They fished me out. But when ma come
On with the lumber wagon, made
All soft to take her idjit hum,
Jest one thing made me feel afraid.
She's purty good, but nature ain't

A-goin' to let a chance to josh
Go by like thet. I hed to faint
To keep her still. I did, by gosh!

But thet's the way with women folks;
A chance to twit they'll never miss,
An' lots of 'em will hev their jokes
'Bout some sich little thing as this.
But arter this I guess I'll stay
Here on the porch an' smoke an' snooze;
An' leave the bicycle to play
Its pranks with youngsters, if they choose.

WHEN THE MOON WAS BAD.

Muriel, out on the porch alone,
When the dark came down and the birds grew still
Tunefully hummed in an undertone,
While the crickets chirped 'neath the windowsill.

She knew why the twinkling stars were sewn,
To button the Evening's garments fast,
For she had seen how the Wind had blown
And snatched their folds as he rudely passed.

The shadows came with their footsteps soft;
And the baby smiled with a new delight,
As down from the silver orb aloft
Was stretched a ladder of moonbeams bright.

"O, mama, look at the pretty moon!"
She cried as it rose in the spangled sky;
But a lazy cloud came over, soon,
And veiled the light while it drifted by.

And mama saw just a little maid,
With sad, wet eyes and a quivering chin,
"Oh, dear!"—she sobbed—"it was bad, I'm 'fraid,
For—the Lord's—been—an' tooken' it in!"

TERRY'S REPENTANCE.

Katie flitted cheerily around in her small, bright kitchen, now and then casting a mildly curious glance at me. She had taken my dripping umbrella and mackintosh when I entered, and with her old-time solicitude for my comfort, had gone down on her knees to whisk off my rubbers and to see for herself whether or not the hem of my skirt was forlornly draggled and wet.

"You do be so careless, you know, mum; an' widout me to be lookin' afther you—"

Katie finished with a look far more eloquent than words and expressing her full appreciation of the great loss I sustained when she and Terrence suspended hostilities long enough to be married and go to home-making for themselves.

I did miss her, my loyal-hearted, loving little Irish girl! And I felt a kind of proprietary interest in the tiny three-room flat and liked to slip into its shelter when November chills penetrated to my heart; for Katie was always a tonic to mind and spirit and a sure dispeller of blues, and Terry was a handsome, big-hearted fellow, with all the virtues of his race and enough of other qualities

to keep him from being lop-sided. His chief accomplishment was repentance and Katie was his unwearying confessor.

"The trials I do be havin' wid Terry, mum," said Katie, stopping in her work and placing one small, red hand upon her hip and looking at me with the dimple in her cheek held sternly in check, "'ll be the death iv me, the saints bless him! Only a wake ago me bread war that white an' sweet it ud make yer mouth wather; an' knowin' the poor service ye have now (with a compassionate sigh), I made bould to sind yez a small loaf fur yer brekquest when Terry was going by yer dure to his work. Well, pwhat did he do but lave it on the cable-car an' go on as contínted as ye plaze widout it, niver onct givin' it a thought until I axed him at night war ye plazed. Ah, poor bye, he was that repintant he'd a made yer heart ache!"

Katie began laying the table in the clean little room and flitted back and forth as she talked.

"Och, the letters and the papers that I give him to put in the mail! Doesn't he carry them around for

weeks like any gintleman, an' when I do be thinkin' me poor ould mother is dead, an' me friends have all forsaken me, Terry finds the letters tucked away comfortable an' quiet in his pockets; an' he is so repintint, I hev niver a word of blame fer him. An' no more cud you hev, mum, cud ye know the swate ways iv him."

There was a knock at the kitchen door and a small, barefooted boy entered with a pitcher brimming with milk. He stumbled awkwardly, and down it fell, with a crash, breaking the pitcher and dashing and spattering the white fluid over the floor and stove. Katie swooped down like a goddess through the milky way, and, instead of a scolding, gave the boy a seraphic smile and a huge round cooky.

"You are very forgiving, Katie," I said, looking at the grease covered floor.

"Sure, mum," she said, "it's Terry that kapes me in practice!"

"D'ye moind how the dear b'y swore off the drink last month? To be sure he begun agin the same day, but his will is that strong he can stop any toime as aisy as that!" And Katie tried to snap two round, plump little fingers.

"But would ye belave it, mum, last night whin he had smoked up ivery bit iv terbacca in the house he looked at me airnest-like an' sez he, a shakin' his han'some head: 'Katie,' sez he, 'I am goin' to stop the drink an' the terbacca, too, until we have a hundred dollars in the savin's bank. I've been doin' wrong, Katie, an' the money I've spint would buy a snug place of our own an' dress ye warm an' tidy as a lady, wid a foine bunnit for yer pretty head. Oah, I've done wid it!' he sez. An' I war that glad I cried for joy!"

"Do you think he will keep his word, Katie?" I asked, a little reluctant to chill her glowing faith with even a hint of my doubt.

"Will he kape it?" she replied, her rosy face radiant with trustfulness. "Of coorse he'll kape it!"

"I thought—that is—I remembered," I began apologetically, "that his memory has failed before now in regard to promises that he has made you."

The little wife was at once on the defensive.

"Ah, sure, mum," she said, "it isn't his memory at all, at all, it's just his forgettery phat makes the trouble! But he'll be true to his word, mum, jist ye moind him. Ah, ye should hev seen the two meltin' eyes whin he

promised me! Niver a poipe or a glass of beer agin till he's saved the money, God bless him! I think I hear his stip on the stair this blessed minit. Arrah, Teddy dear—Och! bad luck till ye, Terrence McGuire!"

Terry came in unabashed and debonair. His bonnie face was wreathed with smoke rolling up from the cigar held between his strong, white teeth. Katie snatched his bright tin dinner pail from his hand and ran into the pantry with it. Womanlike, she wished to keep from her friend the full measure of his faithlessness and on her face was all the shame when he called cheerfully:

"I say, Katie, why did ye run off wid the beer?"

"Your wife has just been telling me how you had promised to stop drinking and smoking, Terry. I should not be surprised if she felt a little sorrowful and disappointed in you," I said.

"Pah, Katie, me darlint," he said, walking over to where she sat in a disconsolate little heap, rocking herself mournfully; and smoothing her dark curls with his big

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tender hand. "Don't ye be afther moindin' a little thing like that. Sure I'll quit the drink an' all the minit ye ax me to, for good. Dhry yer pretty eyes, thin, darlint, an' I'll niver bring sorrow til thim agin."

He kissed her drooping mouth and her doubtful face back into smiling trustfulness.

"Ah, mum," said Katie with a contented sigh as I said good-night, "Terry is so repintint!" And I went down the stairs and into the rain-swept street, meditating upon the ways of women.

MR. BROWN.

Us children snicker when we hear
What big folks say of Mr. Brown;
They think he is the proudest man,
An' smartest, too, in all the town,
But if they'd see him here with us
I bet you they would have to laugh;
'Cause we're a whole menagerie
An' he's the awful tall giraffe.

He has us with him in his room,
That's filled with books an' funny things
Like ladies' heads, cut off an' hung
Against the wall; an' eagles' wings;
An' hor'ble idols from a place
Where heathens worship gods of stone;
An' skelingtons an' skulls—I guess
You wouldn't catch us there alone!

Then Mr. Brown (when we're up there
He tells us we can call him "Gus")
Gets down upon his hands and knees
An' plays he's a rhinoceros.

My, but we're scared! We run an' squeal,
  Until he pulls us down, kerchug,
Into the surgin' River Nile—
  That's what he calls the biggest rug.

An' he can make the bestest sounds;
  Jes' like a dog or cat; an' crow
Like banty in the chicken yard;
  Sometime he'll tell me how, I know.
An' he thinks cake an' jam an' sweets
  Are jes' the things that children need
To make 'em grow; an' marmalade
  Is very good for us, indeed.

He hasn't any little boy;
  An' he is awful lonesome, too.
I 'spect that if we wasn't here
  He wouldn't know jes' what to do.
I feel so sorry that I pray
  The Lord to send the angels down
To take my pa and ma away
  So I can live with Mr. Brown.

SUNRISE ON MOUNT SHASTA

It was early dawn and the gray mist hung like a veil from sky to earth. All at once a ray of light shot upward from the east, and touched with silver, brilliant as the shield of Hippias, a jutting cloud high up against the sky. A huge white shape grew slowly from the gloom, till, pierced by the light that deepened with each breath, the veil of mist broke into tremulous billows of amethyst, that surged around the mountain's base and slowly swept up over its emerald sides and snowy crest until it rested, like the halo of a saint, above the still, white grandeur of its brow. And all the heaven-touched, eternal hills, flinging their limpid waterfalls like shattered rainbows from high rock to rock, burst in the whiteness of their glory into sight—and it was day.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

With deepening shadows falls the Orient eve;
  Broidered with stars of scintillating ray,
Her ebon banner doth the night unsheathe.
  To flaunt her triumph o'er the vanquished day.

In streets where trade and traffic have their sway,
  There now begin to glimmer, near and far,
The lamps and torches, that the bickering may
  Go on in booths and many-stalled bazaar.

Within the little workshop — known to all
  As Rabbi Joseph's (goodly man and true) —
O'er the tool-strewn work-bench near the wall,
  A lad bends low his given task to do.

He pauses oft — communing with the night —
  And pierces, with a listening look, the skies;
Then as he turns the swinging lamp to light,
  Its ray reveals the glory of his eyes.

How fair he is! What glory hath in store
  The future for him? Dreams he not of fame?

His father David—shepherd lad of yore—
Proud Israel's loved and greatest king became!

And was there on the shepherd's comely brow
Aught of the majesty, or grace the more?
He stretches wide his arms (so weary now!)
The cramped and toil-worn muscles to restore.

And as he stands with arms outstretched, and tall,
His shadow doth his anguished gaze engross;
For on the floor the lamplight makes to fall
The shape and semblance of the awful Cross.

Before him ever! Oh, that wondrous race,
The human anguish crown'd with love Divine!
Earth's greatest limners catch the earthly grace,
Then, all unsatisfied, the task resign.

But in the inner temple of the soul—
Behind the sombre folds of doubt and sin—
Bearing His blood, the veil we may unroll
And find His gracious presence there, within!

OLD "97."

Every day at just such an hour the old man entered the yards and walked slowly up and down among the engines, lingering longest around old '97," the huge, high-smoke-stacked locomotive, still on duty, but soon to be retired and devoted to a most inglorious end by means of a sham collision.

A few of the blue-jeaned heroes around the depot objected more or less vigorously to the presence of the stranger, for it is a dangerous place for the nimble and quick-eyed, and the old man was half blind and his ears were closed to even the shrill whistle of the trains. But some of the men remembered that the bent and feeble veteran was an old engineer, the oldest on the road, and "97" had been for years dearer to him than wife, or child, or friend.

Al Reece had kept his post until five years before, carefully concealing from the argus-eyed inspectors the fact of his partial blindness and infirmity. He had been an engineer for fifty years. It is a matter of history that he took the first train over the road; and "97" was his second love. The first he had gone over a bridge with

after feeling her heartbeats quiver through his own breast and feeling her response to his every desire for twenty years. He carried a scar on his head for a long time and the heart wound never entirely healed, although the railroad company framed resolutions on what they called his heroism and gave him a brand new engine, right out of the shops. Al called her the "Jewel," after the other one, for he was a young fellow then, not above a little romancing; but later the company changed all the names to numbers and she became known as the "97."

It's a strange thing how a man gets to love a creature of iron and steel. There wasn't an engine along the division kept in better shape than "97." New styles were adopted, and all the late inventions came in, but the "old girl" kept her place, and Al Reece kept her in it by his care.

The old-fashioned brass mountings were as bright as the day they were fitted on, and there wasn't a speck or a bit of dust about her anywhere.

But as time passed on the men began to look half pityingly at the old engineer and whisper that perhaps he would have to be retired before "97" was called in.

"Why, he can't see a foot in front of him," said one of the young fellows, "and it's a mighty risk to let a blind man run an engine!"

The same thought was moving the directors, for they could no longer ignore the fact of his condition. But those who believe corporations have no souls might have learned much if they had witnessed the scene in the superintendent's office when old Al Reece was pensioned and discharged.

The news had been broken to him by a man who looked at the bowed figure with manly tears and at the conclusion of the interview had taken the toil-worn hand, that had held the lever for so many years, in his own as a son might have done.

The old engineer lifted his eyes, full of the piteous look the blind have, to his face.

"My trip's about over, anyway," he said, "an' I did want to slow up at the terminal on old '97.' But it's all right, sir, it's all right. I might have had some accident on account of my eyes, an' have carried on the folks that wan't ready for the last station. But I don't believe I would. I really didn't need to see with her.

She was eyes for me; and she had too much sense to go wrong.

"There's jest one favor I want to ask, sir: Have 'em let me through the gates whenever she's in from her trips. It'll be a comfort to us both, sir."

For a long time, the engine, under a strong, young hand, kept her regular runs. But she got fractious and cranky, and was finally used only in the yards. Old Al never missed his visit to her, though he grew feebler all the time, and seemed to mourn over her changed and neglected appearance.

One day as he leaned against her dull side, patting her and talking of the days they had passed together, a young switchman, new in the yards and ignorant, stepped up to him.

'This is the last day for old '97,'" he called into the dull ears. "Some showmen have bought her, an' they're going to take her down on the siding an' run her off the upper bridge. Two trainloads comin' from Newton to see it. And there'll be fireworks and a great sight."

The old man put his hand up to his throat and leaned more heavily against the condemned engine. The young fellow continued:

"Better be here. It'll be a big show. She'll have steam up an' be sent wild. Starts at 9 if it's pretty dark."

He went whistling away to set the switch for the 8 o'clock flyer, and the old engineer was left alone. But a flush was on the furrowed face, and the dim eyes burned with a strange fire.

"She's ready, now," said the director an hour later to a group of trainmen, who had been stoking up the old engine, and hanging her sides with gayly covered banners. "This is her last trip, let her go!"

He threw the throttle wide, and as the engine bounded with a mighty leap toward the grade's incline leaped onto the ground. A great crowd gathered along the siding greeted the wild engine with a cheer, which speedily turned into a yell of horror; for as the panting thing madly rushed toward the bridge they saw a figure on the right-hand seat; and as the glow from the furnace lighted the cab with its red splendor it shone upon the fixed, white face of the old engineer, going to his death with "97"

THE DOUR NIGHT.

Lift high the cup—it is brimming o'er—
Life's measure is shaken together;
Though your hand is cold and your heart is sore,
Drink, friend, to the changeful weather.
For Hope returns and to-day's frown chill
Will melt in the smile of another,
And there's never a night so ill, so ill,
But comes to an end, my brother.

Sits Poverty at your hearthstone now,
Sole guest at your frugal dinner?
There's many a one far worse, I trow,
To elbow than that wan sinner.
Better a dinner of herbs with him
Than a banquet with Pride as neighbor;
For he's learned to laugh with his jolly kin,
The knights of the brush and faber.

It's a merry world, tho' the lights burn low
And the embers darken and smoulder;
Tho' the night creeps down, and the north winds blow,
And the heart grows sadder and older.

The skies to-day may be drear and chill,
But they'll melt into smiles some other,
And there's never a night too dour and ill
To meet with the dawn, my brother.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

I bet, if I was Santa Claus,
I wouldn't have to be so sure
That all the boys I come across
Was awful good er awful poor.
I'd bring 'em presents jes' the same,
An' say: "Oh, that's all right, my son!"
If they ducked down their heads with shame
When Christmas come.

They wouldn't ketch me sneakin' 'round
To try an' see what I could hear,
'Cause some folks when they hear a sound
Think it's a swear when it's jes' "dear!"
An' if a feller's pa was rich,
He needn't get the sword an' gun,
'Cause there'd be sure to be some hitch
When Christmas come.

I was so mad at ole St. Nick
Last year I couldn't treat him right!
If I was him when folks is sick
I'd take 'em things on Christmas night.

Ted Jones's little sister said
She heard his bells "ting-tum-a-lum"—
But he jes' drove right on ahead
When Christmas come.

Their ma was sick. An' my! she cried
When all their stockin's hung up there.
Ted told me how she tried to hide
Her tears in Minnie's yellow hair.
"Oh, yes, he'll come! We've all been good!"
He said, an' kissed her hand in fun.
But that old chump misunderstood,
An' didn't come!

I bet if I was Santa Claus
I'd tend to things myself, an' see
That on that night I was the boss,
An' children should be left to me.
I wouldn't have no tattle-tales
A tellin' things what boys had done,
But I'd give presents, bales an' bales—
When Christmas come!

IF TAM O'SHANTER 'D HAD A WHEEL.

If Tam O'Shanter 'd had a wheel
The witches might hae sought him
Fra bosky glen to rinnin' burn
But ne'er, ne'er caught him.

But I—by far a soberer man—
While speedin' down the highway,
Took fright at a wee canny thing
Wha whirled fra oot the byway.

Fu' plain she bore th' witches' sign:
Cleft chin a-set wi' laughter;
An' Tam's ain bonnet on her head
Made my puir brain th' dafter.

Sae fast she sped alang th' way
I felt that she was winnin'.
"I'm caught," I cried, but on she went
An' would na stop her rinnin'.

"I yield the race!" I cried, but she
Looked round fra o'er her plaiddie
Wi' blue eyes wide an' coolly said:
"Wha's racin' wi you, laddie?"

THE CUBAN AMAZON.

Inez Cari, the black leader of the Cuban Amazons,
(Feared the most of the insurgents by the haughty Spanish dons),
Met the troops at Olayita but a week or so gone by,
Saw the fierce, unequal battle ere the rebels turned to fly,
Then, with all the splendid courage of a soul born to be free,
Turned her bosom for the bullets of the Spanish musketry.

She had waited with her women in the rude and hostile camp,
Watching through the quiet bivouac, bearing burdens on the tramp.
Not for her a downy pillow sheltered from the war's alarms;

Not for her the twilight crooning as she held her babe in arms.
But in that last glorious rally, underneath the smoke-filled sky,
Inez Cari showed her country how a patriot can die!

Thus it was: The cruel Weyler sent his troops to settle down
Like a swarm of yellow jackets on the hills about the town
Where the malcontents were hiding; telling them with covert sneer
That the Amazons were holding all the countryside in fear,
And his own most doughty soldiers, when they ventured an attack
On the gaunt, half-naked rebels, had been fiercely driven back.

"Shoot them down," he said, "or bring them back as captives to the town,
For to tame the fighting furies should be something for renown."
With a laugh the men saluted, and swept down upon the field,
Held by half a thousand women, who would die but never yield;
Half a thousand negro women, who would never wear again
On their bent and bleeding shoulders the degrading yoke of Spain.

Inez Cari called her women, and then, like a vet'ran true,
Gave commands as clear and steady as if 'twere but for review.
"Come," she said, "a round of bullets wait within each rifle's throat;
Send them singing to the Spaniards, touch a heart with ev'ry note.
Look, they come! Now, Viva Cuba!" And with that defiant cry
Stood they waiting in grim patience as the regiment drew nigh.
Silent, till they saw white eyeballs; then their muskets leaped in place,
And their eyes gleamed 'long the barrels straight to Spanish heart or face.
Ping! Death's messengers went singing. But the soldiers answered well,
And for ev'ry trooper stricken down a score of women fell;
Till the Spanish closed around them, pouring fast a storm of lead,
And, alone, brave Inez Cari stood at bay among her dead.

"Viva Cuba! Cuba libre!" cried she, smiling in their eyes,
Answering with well-aimed bullets all their fierce and mocking cries.
Straight and tall as a young cypress, with her naked bosom dyed
With the crimson blood fast welling into fuller, richer tide;
Dark the heavens grew above her, but she leaned against a tree
And sent home another bullet in the cause of Cuba free.

Faint the Spanish cries. Caramba! what a jagged, gaping wound!
Inez Cari, turning, staggered, and sank down upon the ground.
"Dead, El Capitan!" A soldier ran and bent above her head,
But she raised upon her elbow, where she lay, and shot him dead.
"Viva Cuba! Cuba libre!" cried she with her dying breath,
And the guns of Spain won silence only with the aid of Death.

Thus won Inez Cari glory but a week or so ago,
On the field of Olayita, where she met the Spanish foe,
And from 'neath the blessed banner of this blood-bought land I raise
My one harp to strike the measures for a stirring song of praise.
"Viva Cuba! Cuba libre!" Could I lift the cry again,
Joined by sixty million voices, it would not be raised in vain.

A NEW WOMAN.

A new woman lives just over the way;
But her hands are as soft as the tinted snow
That falls from the apple trees in May,
And her lips are as sweet, I know.

You'd be surprised; but on suffrage laws
She has no views, and she doesn't speak;
And even the Bible's flagrant flaws
She can stand for another week.

Yet, 'tis said, at a wave of her little hand
Her subjects bow with an homage true;
And there isn't a right in all the land
That isn't her guerdon due.

For down a pathway of woven light,
That leads to this world from the jeweled skies,
She came last eve, with her brow all bright
With the dews of Paradise.

A MIRACLE OF FISHES.

Far out toward the end of the long pier that stretches into the deeper blue waters of the lake, a group of young folks stopped and began their noisy preparations for fishing. They were Chicago society people, out for a new experience, and as they unstrapped their bamboo poles, jointed, silver-mounted, and fitted with the scarlet-feathered flies and shining "angel wings," considered necessary for the success of the fashionable angler, they sang little snatches from the latest operas, and talked of the Wednesday coaching parties on the "Blue Dog" from the Saddle and Cycle clubhouse to Lake Forest, and the dinner-dance after golf at the Onwentsia club.

An old man sat near them on the edge of the strong, rude platform, quiet and respectable looking in spite of his patched and faded clothes. One of the young fellows went towards him — unconscious of egotism, and without a thought of impudence — and was going to say:

"Hey, there, my good man, just move on a little."

But a girl's slim hand was on his arm, and a girl's lips, lately given to speaking with authority to him— asked quickly:

"Do you want the water as well as the earth, Harry? Leave him alone."

The men of the party were in white duck suits, with gay ribbon hat bands, and the girls were as daintily gowned as the summer maids of fiction. Not a shirt waist, or other symbol of the utilitarian, or business class, but whole costumes in harmony, from fluffy heads to perfect boots, and in the most appropriate simplicity.

The flexible rods were tried and the lines whirled over the waters. The fishers were all amateurs, the women especially being novices in that particular kind of angling; but almost as fast as the lines were thrown big, finny beauties were drawn up and hung with their gasping companions on the string, to be exhibited later as the victorious banners of the day to envious stay-at-homes.

The old man was not so fortunate. Quietly and patiently he sat there, throwing the line one way and another, but not one fish of edible size or tribe took the

hook. He was not fishing for the pleasure of it. A shady seat under some wide and blossoming tree where the breeze from across the clover fields might stir the thin, white hair on his forehead, would have been more to his notion; but a nice fish rolled in cornmeal and fried crisp and brown would be a great treat for supper after the weeks they had been without such food, and he would try a little longer. Indeed (the thought rushed upon him with cruel intensity), he must have something to carry home with him or they would all go hungry to bed.

A shriek of delight from a girlish voice announced another prize.

"Ooh, isn't that a big one?"

"Five pounds, if it's an ounce," began deeper tones, argumentatively.

"Just call it two, that's big enough. The five-pound one got away."

"Dick, you bait my hook — just this time — these things squirm so!"

The old man looked up and sighed deeply, mechanically selecting another place for the hook to fall. And

just then a young girl, standing laughing among the rest, caught his look, and, with quick intuition, read the whole story in his sad and weary eyes. She moved swiftly over to where he sat and bent above him her friendly, rosy face.

"We're making so much noise I'm afraid we're frightening the fish away," she said. "The last one I caught bit off the hook and has gone home to his family with dyspepsia. But they say I am a fish-witch, and if you will let me take your rod I'll try and coax them over here."

He handed her the heavy pole very courteously, and watched her as she held it in her strong, young hands. She lifted it lightly, and the line dropped into the lake, ten limped blue feet away. The rod bobbed a little, and the girl threw a knowing smile over her shoulder; a minute more, and a large perch — the biggest catch of the day — was in the splint basket at the old man's feet. Another and another, until he laid a restraining hand on the rod so recently touched with magic.

"I thank you, young lady," he said with a bow, in which humility and pride were strangely mingled. And

he walked hastily along the pier shoreward, carrying the well-filled basket on his arm.

"What's happened, Carrie, another miracle of fishes?" called one of the group, lazily.

The girl looked away out over the waters, a serious look on her pretty face; and there was a little quiver in her cheery voice as she answered:

"Yes."

JIM AND JOHN.

They were schoolmates, Jim and John,
But Jim never did get on.
Wasn't lazy, fur's I know,
But jes' took things kinder slow.
An' good-natured— well I guess!
Though he could get riled at less

Than 'ud make most fellers mad—
Not to call his temper bad.
'Twas that flashin' in the pan
Nat'ral to an Irishman.
For the rest, a kinder heart
Never took a brother's part.

John is diff'rent; allus was.
He would never stop because
Others might stand in his way—
Whether it was work or play.
Fact, when all is said and done,
He's looked out for number one.

Still, I'll give his due to him;
He was plouser than Jim.

The one boy that kep' the rule
'Way back in that old, red school;
Ne'er played hooky, never tried
Cheatin' in his sums, or lied.

Jim 'ud work an afternoon
Helpin' some poor little coon;
Miss a day of jolly fun
Splittin' wood for Widow Dunn.
But he'd cuss, like all possessed,
At a boy who'd rob a nest.

Wasn't, as I must allow,
Saint or angel then. But now,
Though a dingy, ragged vest
Hangs upon his honest breast,
It is not to hide, I know,
Wrong to woman, child, or foe.

P'raps he don't amount to much
In society, an' such.
P'raps folks ain't inclined to raise
Him before their kids fur praise;
But I know him, and I say
Better men don't pass this way.

John, upon the other hand,
Is a model for the land.
Deacon in the church, with all
Of the honors that befall
Them that's lucky in their life—
Place, 'an wealth, 'an child, 'an wife.

But for all that, I am sure,
His own soul is mean and poor.
No poor brother ever felt
Comfort from his hand, or help.
No sad tears by him are dried
If his purse must be untied.

So I'd like to take a look
Into that big record book
That the angels keep above;
Find the place where deeds of love
Are set down, and read within
The true estimate of Jim!

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Say not "good-bye"—the sounds have all regret;
I cannot loose your hand with such a word.
Our ways part here, and yet, O Love, and yet,
I cannot leave you till my soul has heard
The charm to bring me to your side again,
The dear "auf wiedersehen."

Say not "adieu"—the word has hidden pain,
Within its foreign accents sweet and clear,
That haunts my heart with sad and hopeless strain,
And pleads with duty just to linger here.
Smile courage in mine eyes, O Love, and then,
Whisper "auf wiedersehen."

Say not "farewell"—if thou wouldst have it so;
The word, like a wan hand, waves us apart.
I cannot leave, mein liebling, will not go,
Until you whisper, lying on my heart,
The golden bridge between the Now and Then,
The sweet "auf wiedersehen."

THE PASSING OF OFFICEDOGSKI.

"The night was deep," as the writers say, and may be that was the reason that Officedogski could not get out of it. Or may be the bells ringing out from the high towers holding up the sky made him forget the way. At any rate he suddenly felt his feet slip from the cold, snowy walk, and in a minute found himself in a large underground room where it was light and warm, and the air seemed filled with the whirl and crash of ponderous wheels and mighty iron arms.

Over in a corner, hugging the tattered folds of his coat, a newsboy lay on a pile of mail sacks fast asleep. He turned uneasily in his slumber, and as he lifted his face with the hungry, homeless look upon it up to the light, Officedogski went very softly over to where he lay and gazed upon him with the sympathy that only companions in misery can feel, and gently kissed him on his cheek and brow.

Of course we were not expecting him. But then, anything may happen on Christmas eve. We were proof readers on a morning paper, and when at a mys-

terious hour we heard a rat-a-tap at our office door we thought neither of the wind or the raven, but supposed quite naturally it was the grimy-faced galley boy with another bundle of proofs, and called "Come in!" But when the handle of the door did not turn, and the rapping was repeated with a plaintive, pleading accompaniment, Isadore lifted her brown eyes in pleased surprise and went swiftly to open the door.

"Well," she ejaculated. And with a delighted bark the new comer agreed with her; for he was a small dog of black and yellow with gray anarchistic whiskers and fierce bristling eyebrows. Isadore leaned down and patted his rough head with her pretty white hand. "Poor little wanderer," she said, "What is your country and your name?"

"He is a Russian, I am sure," I said, looking at him, "let us call him 'Officedogski.'"

The gray rat under Isadore's desk squeaked contemptuously as we lifted the newcomer up to a place of honor and from a rusty tin cup drank to his health and prosperity. He had been with us for years; he had eaten our paste and chewed the edges of our copy regu-

larly during that time and yet we had never made a fuss over him. "Ingrates," he thought.

Officedogski took up his place quite naturally among us and soon adapted himself to the customs of the profession. At first he snapped at the long brown cockroaches when he saw them looking over the copy, but gradually he began to recognize them as regular members of the craft, and eyed them with a sort of good-natured tolerance not unmixed with approval. He seemed happy and contented, as a general thing, and we regarded him as a comrade and protector. But at times at the sound of a voice from the office below he would start away with a sharp, quick bark of joy only to return to us disappointed and unhappy. He seemed always looking for some one, and the memory of his lost friend was at all times wakeful in his loyal little heart, although he never failed in his devotion to us.

We lived in a river town, and a year from the day that Officedogski came to us we stood watching the great ferry boat cut her way through the ice and steam slowly back and forth across the stately river. The winter had been an open one and navigation had not, up to this

Christmas eve, been suspended. The boat was hung with banners in honor of the holiday, and many people were enjoying the long advertised "last trip of the season."

All at once Officedogski began barking wildly and leaped about in a frenzy of joy! In a moment he turned a glance of farewell and entreaty upon us and dashed away at full speed toward the water. A man on board the slowly moving steamer whistled sharply to him, and with an almost human cry of love and gladness the little dog leaped into the river and began swimming desperately to the boat. The man watched with an amused smile on his face while the little creature struggled with the waves.

"Help him, somebody! somebody help that brave little dog!" Isadore cried, the tears streaming down her cheeks; but either the people could not hear or could not rescue.

Faster and faster the boat steamed away and fainter grew the strokes of the little black paws; but through the icy waters looked the patient face with the loving eyes still fixed on the features of his master on the deck.

"He's a game little chap," said a man beside us, brushing his rough sleeve across his eyes and turning away, "but I'd hate to have on my conscience what that master of his has now. He had deserted him, you see; and he whistled for him to come just then to show his power to the folks around, knowin' full well the dog would go through fire and water at his word. Ah! there he is! No!—poor, poor little fellow!"

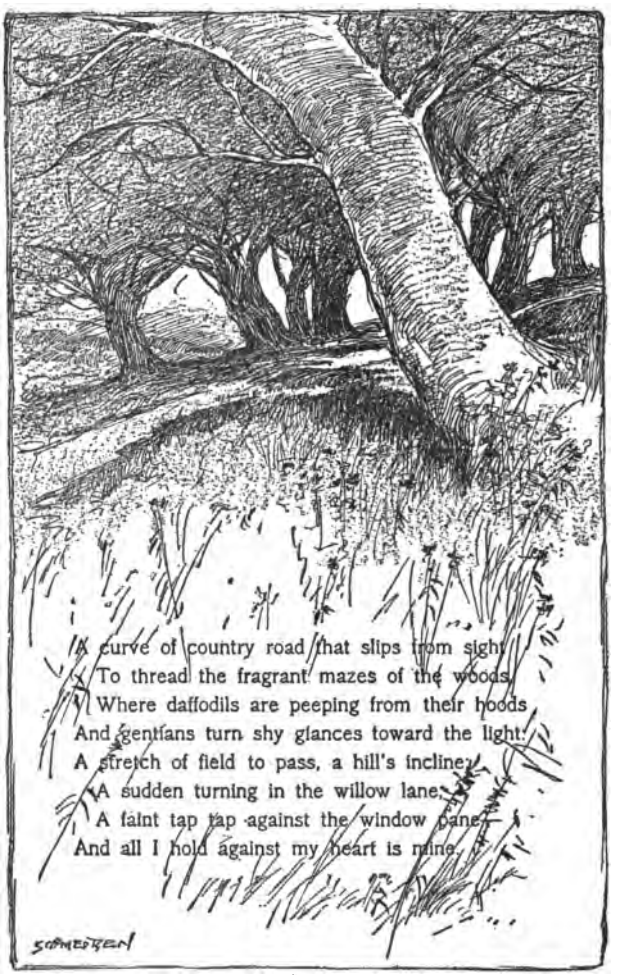
A long, mournful, despairing cry came to our ears and we turned away as the ice filled waters of the river swept over the head of our comrade—our little friend, faithful and brave and all-forgiving Officedogski.

IF IT IS TRUE.

If it is true that here and everywhere
About me is a spirit-peopled air,
Where loved ones wait
To guide me, when at last I win the race,
Up through the fragrant fields of star-hung space
To heaven's gate;

If it is true that from all bondage free
The one who loved me here still loveth me,
Then tell me, friend:
Why, like a bar of steel 'tween me and harm,
Does he not stretch and hold his mighty arm
And me defend?

Think you he drank forgetfulness with Death?
That he, unmoved, can hear my sobbing breath
And anguish wild?
Nay, tell me rather that, in dreamless rest,
He lieth where no cry can reach his breast
Of his hurt child.



A curve of country road that slips from sight
To thread the fragrant mazes of the woods,
Where daffodils are peeping from their hoods
And gentians turn shy glances toward the light;
A stretch of field to pass, a hill's incline;
A sudden turning in the willow lane;
A faint tap tap against the window pane;
And all I hold against my heart is mine.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

The flower-burdened wagon drew up in front of the florist's door, and the hurrying crowd turned interested and admiring glances upon the profusion of clustering roses and feathery ferns and the waxen beauty of camelias and hyacinths. Potted plants nodding in fragrance and bloom; baskets, similax-twined, heaped into censers of incense for the shrine of love; and the lilies — tall, beautiful, and pure —

"Consider the lilies."

The words fell half mechanically, from lips unused to gentle sounds. The woman, walking with unsteady steps along the way, muttered them beneath her breath. Where had she heard them before! Not at the prison whose doors had opened for her but that day — not there! but somewhere —

She pushed the matted hair from her forehead, and turned her bleared and sunken eyes back toward the stately chalices that filled the wide arch at the wagon's end. Suddenly a flush crept over her wrinkled cheeks, a crafty look shot through the hopeless misery of her

eyes. She slipped in between the horses crowded at the curb and raised a grimy hand among the cool, green leaves. She had been a thief for many years; why should that touch strike on her senses as the sight had done, with some restraining memory? She dropped her hand. What did she want of a posy, anyway? It might get her back into the cell she hated. Pah!

She bent her brows over her sullen eyes and turned away.

But now the florist's door had opened, and a wave of fragrance swept around her. The boy, with arms filled with the nodding bloom, pushed back the lilies to make room for more, leaped to tne seat and turned to drive away. The woman lingered, watching with oddly wistful eyes, when, suddenly, snapped from its brittle stem by the starting of the horse, a snowy blossom fluttered to her feet. She snatched it up with a cry — half smothered and inarticulate with joy or pain — and, hiding it beneath her shawl, hurried away.

On through the streets she pressed; past the gay windows of the busy stores, threading her way, unseeing, through the crowd until the buildings grew few and the

fresh young grass began to show in patches by the roadside.

"I didn't steal it," she murmured, taking it from beneath her shawl and looking at it with triumphant eyes. She bent to lay its whiteness against her cheek, then stopped, while a strange look crept over her dull face.

"I ain't fit to touch it," she moaned; "Oh, I ain't fit to touch it!"

She turned out of the traveled way and walked with the swift steps of one pursued toward a quiet field where the tall trees were showing buds of green and swaying with the endless "Hush, O, hush!" their whispered lullaby for those at rest in the low, narrow beds beneath their shade.

Once in the refuge of God's lowly acre, the woman sank down upon the ground and bowed her head until it rested on her breast. The sin-barred gates of her past had opened at an Easter lily's touch and showed her glimpses of a better time. She raised the blossom with caressing hand and laid it on the dewy grass beside her.

"'Consider the lilies'—Why! I mind it now; it came from that old Book my mother read. Her, that I

haven't thought about for years! Seems like I 'most could say another bit — about the sins that's washed as white as wool."

She laid her head down by the lily and gazed upon it long and steadily.

"It all comes back to me," she said, at last, as if the flower heard and understood. "It all comes back to me now. There was somethin' she used to tell about 'a faithful sayin'—" the words came slowly from the unaccustomed lips—"'a faithful sayin'—worthy of acceptance—that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'"

She clasped her hands around her knees and sat a long time rocking to and fro, while through her long-clouded brain swept wondrous scenes.

She saw a woman pressing through a crowd to touch the garment of the Nazarene. She saw another, shame-bowed, like herself, and heard His bidding: "Go and sin no more;" and yet another whose penitential tears fell on the feet she bathed in precious ointment and dried with her long hair.

A wave of unknown tenderness swept through her heart. "I would give Him the lily," she sobbed. It

was all she had, and the alabaster box broken by the other Magdelen was not more precious.

The evening came, but still she sat there with the lily gleaming whitely through the dusk. Her thoughts led through the garden to the cross. The outcast saw uplifted there the son of God.

Sunday had dawned. The preachers read the words: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live." And out under the April sky a woman lay, pure as the lily gleaming on her pulseless breast, a fragrant Easter lily, white as her new garment of immortality.

EVEN IN FAR JAPAN.

It was in the time of the cherry bloom.
A twelfth month past in far Japan,
When under its over-arching shade
She came, with a look as sweet and staid
As the dame's on a paper fan.

I'd been browsing 'round, as a tourist will
Bored half to death, I'll frankly own,
By the snub-nosed roofs, the paper walls,
The squat, black gods in their gaudy stalls,
And the carvings of bronze and stone.

I cared not a rap for the Buddha calm,
For one of the idols gray and grim,
But here was an "object" diff'rent, quite;
And softly along through shade and light
She came with her footsteps prim.

She'd a scarlet wreath in her raven hair;
Her obi hung in a fetching bow;
Her feet, in queer, little, fingered hose,
Fell each as soft as a falling rose,
And I wondered which way she'd go.

She paused like a dove that has lost its way,
Her soft robe stirr'd o'er her gentle breast.
"Damsel," I cried, "are you straying here,
With your coolie small and 'rik'sha near,
While you utter your soul's behest?"

"I haven't a jinrikisha," she said,
With cheeks like bloom where the sun doth strike.
"But I've come far, and 'tis growing late,
So please go down to the temple gate
And wheel along up with my bike."

It was in the time of the cherry
bloom—
I'm sure of that—and 'twas in Japan;
But did I dream? Did that vision
speak
My native slang in the accents
meek
Of a dame of the paper fan?

THE OLD BUGLER.

He seemed anxious to get away from the rest of the veterans who spent a few hours between trains in Lincoln park yesterday, and he finally wandered down one of the sheltered paths that lead to the lake, and emerged at a spot out of the way of the usual visitor.

Once there, he looked up and down a little anxiously, and then drew from the breast of his shabby blue coat a battered old bugle.

The instrument was tarnished and bruised, and the once scarlet tassels were faded, but the old man held it in his hands lovingly and turned it from side to side, lingering over it as one might over an object of peculiar beauty.

"I wonder if I dast?" he said at last, aloud, smiling the shamed, pleased, diffident smile of unusual daring.

"I ain't tried it fur thirty year, but I uster make it sing — an' I b'leeve I could now!"

He raised the instrument to his lips, but they twitched nervously and he could not make a sound.

Twice and three times, and then, high, clear, but tremulous, rose the first sharp notes of the reveille.

The old man laughed to himself and hugged the tasseled bugle to his breast.

"That's good, comrade, try again!"

A carriage had stopped near him, and an old gentleman was leaning forward with a look of eagerness on his pale, stern face.

"I suppose I've heard that old call, but I haven't noticed it for a good many years. Play it again, won't you?"

The old soldier hesitated. "I've pretty nigh forgot how," he said, then repeated the stirring strains more confidently.

The gentleman left his carriage and went over to stand beside the trumpeter as one after another of the familiar signals fell from the tarnished, brown lips of the army bugle; and by and by a flush crept into his cheeks and a light touched his eyes and he sang:

Blow out your lights, you lazy bummers,
Blow out your lights and go to bed—

The soldiers' well-known accompaniment.

Both old men were laughing now in the foolish,

beautiful, old soldier way. Then they shook hands and began over again:

Come down to the stable
All ye who are able,
And give your poor horses
Some hay and some corn;
For if you don't do it,
The colonel will know it—
And you'll go the guardhouse
As sure as you're born!

The music died in a dismal discord.

"Comrade," said the old man, with a droll wink, "I don't recollect that it was the 'guardhouse' where the boys said they'd go when they uster sing it."

"It wasn't, you old rascal, it wasn't!" roared the singer, slapping the bugler on his thin shoulders. "Let's have it again, and we'll sing it right!" And they did.

"What regiment, comrade?" he asked, as with bugle replaced in the shabby coat the trumpeter locked his arm within his. "Nineteenth Michigan? Why, man, I was with the Thirty-third Indiana! We've been in some pretty hard fights together in our day. Those two regiments were like brothers!"

He paused and looked at his companion closely, noting the worn garments, the weary, careworn face and silver hair, and then said gently and a little hesitatingly:

"Is the world using you pretty well, old friend?"

"Oh, yes," a flush dying the wrinkled face. "I—I can't complain. The boys of my post are sendin' me to the reunion in Buffalo; an' when I git back I guess they can git me into the Soldier's home—I never did exactly like the idea of that—I'd ruther work till I'm mustered out—but," the voice trembled, bravely resumed, and then failed utterly, and the old man turned his face toward the lake to hide his tears. The other man had been looking at him intently.

"In '63," he said, "I had my life saved by a young bugler. It was in a little skirmish, and I was the mark for a cavalryman's saber. I saw it coming, but was hemmed in so I couldn't help myself. In a second I would have been struck down, when a boy from the ranks sprang between us. It must have cut through his shoulder—"

"It did, Cap'n!"

The other stripped off his coat and turned back his

rough flannel shirt, leaving the right shoulder bare. A deep white scar disfigured it.

The man addressed as "Cap'n" put his hand upon it very tenderly.

"I ought to have known you before, John," he said, simply. "But never mind that now. When you come back from Buffalo you are not going into any soldiers' home but mine. And when taps are sounded from above you'll rest on as good a pillow as you've ever had along the march. Good-by, comrade. I'll meet you next week when you come back, and we'll go home."

HOOTS! BOBBY BURNS!

Hoots! Bobby Burns! I've read yer rhyme,
An' marvel, mon, thot in yer time
  Ye wished to see, "as ithers,"
The mony blunders that I ken
Ye took some joy in makin' then,
  Wi' a' yer tavern brithers!

Ah! lad, if ye had read th' looks
Th' kirk folk gie ye, an' yer books,
  Ye'd ne'er hae been discernin
The wee bit timid mousie there,
As fra' th' furrowed ground yer share
  The daisy was upturnin'!

Ye'd hae'd a puir opinion, Rab,
O' writer chaps; an' dour an' sad
  Yer manners ye'd been mendin'.
I ken ye'd tried yer hand at psalms—
An' wi th' ither baa-in' lambs,
  Th' synod been attendin'.

Ye war a waefu' rascal, lad.
I dinna ken ane half sae bad
  Save ane they ca' Will Shakespeare;
An' ane — I mind me noo — ca'ed Poe;
An' ane — but sin' their ghaists ye know,
  Their names sma' matter makes here.

Nae doot t'gither noo, an' snug,
Ye spin yer yarn an' dreen yer mug
  Wi' ne'er a coof above ye.
Ye'd faults — aye, lad, I ken them well,
There's mony wad surprise yersel;
  But—Bobby Burns, I love ye!

ROMANCE IN THE IRISH VILLAGE.

It was time for the dance in one of the Irish villages at the World's Fair. The green-stockinged lad who played the pipes was beating with his foot the measures of the tune as the shock-haired boy with the emerald sash and hose leaped on the wooden floor and struck the time. Gradually the various groups of people scattered about the court gathered into a circle around the platform; and as the time-honored strains that have quickened the pulses and bewitched the feet for generations sounded clearer and faster, some of the onlookers forgot the dignity of their American citizenship, and, with hands clapping and bodies swaying, gave vent to their long repressed enthusiasm in words half smothered with the burr of the old tongue. Across the faces of many a substantial man and gracious, dignified woman flitted the look that they had once lifted to the lovely skies of Ireland, and through the smiles that kindled in their eyes shone homesick tears.

Monom dho Dhia! Will the Irish feet ever keep quiet or the Irish blood run slow? Not while the harp is on the green flag and the heart of Erin feels the

mingled joy and pathos of its unuttered music! The jig dancer, with fine young body held erect and light and swift falling feet, warmed to the work. The piper leaned forward in his chair and beat the platform with increasing zeal. A smile hung round his mouth and touched his eyes. Suddenly the crowd parted a little at one side and a young girl sprang up and joined the dance. She was an American, a visitor, slim, quiet and demure. But the blood of some Celtic ancestor tingled in her veins, darkening her eyes and setting a flame in her cheeks and the pulse of rhyme in her feet.

Then 'twas forward an' back,
An' across an' around,
Wid her hand on her hip,
An' her glance on the ground.

The gossoon before her
Turned faint wid amaze,
But he took her soft hand,
An' he met her soft gaze.

An' the music swirled on
As the fire-flies float;
Like a bird in the air
Hung each golden winged note.

Till she tripped the swate time
Iv bold "Rory O'More,"
Wid his heart for a platform
Instead of the flure.

The music stopped and the girl, blushing, breathless and bewildered, slipped into the cheering crowd.

My heart had been leaping with the melody; and all at once I became conscious that an old man among the spectators on the other side of the platform was gazing at me with the intent look of one trying to grasp and place some elusive resemblance. Our eyes met many times and there was always in his a doubtful and half pathetic questioning. At last he made his way to where I stood, and, baring his silver hair, with old world grace, said, with a smile of such frank friendliness I could find no reason for resentment:

"Ah, ye're an Irish gurrl, an' ye've no call to be ashamed of it."

"Yes," I replied. "My blood is half and I begin to think my heart is all Irish. My father was a north of Ireland man."

"I knew it," he said, with a smile of satisfaction lighting his withered face. And then the gallantry of his race could no longer be suppressed. "I knew it. Yer blue eyes are homesick, an' the smudge underneath thim is the mournin' they're wearin' for Ireland. Wor ye born in the auld country? No? Oah, Erin is quane iv the world!" He drew himself up, erect and soldierlike.

Poor, sad-eyed queen! The single emerald in your iron crown outshines, in such fond eyes, the blazing coronets of all the earth; and your throne rests on the quivering hearts of such devoted sons.

The old man still lingered by my side, but he was silent for a long time. A reminiscent look settled upon his features, and when at last he spoke his voice was strangely grave and tender.

"I've been watchin' ye for a half hour past," he said; "watchin' yer Irish eyes and smile; an' yer face takes me back across the says an' across the years, for it is like

that of a gurrl I used to know when I was a young man. * * * I can hear her laugh as plain as when it rippled over the lakes that war like jewels around old Tyrone county in thim days."

"Was that your home?" I listened with a new interest, for he had named my father's county.

"Tyrone? Oah, yes, it war Tyrone," he replied,

"And what was the name of the girl who looked as I look so many years ago?"

"Molly Mulholland, it war," he replied, a heart throb breaking through the quiet tone. "Oah, it war Molly Mulholland."

I turned to him in great surprise. "She was my own grandmother!" I cried. But his ears were dulled or filled with other voices and he did not seem to sense my words.

Strange things like this may happen every day. But my heart still thrills with the wonder of it; for across the seas and across the years this old man came to find in

my face the look of the woman he had loved full sixty years ago; the look veiled by the grave from Erin's skies for half a century; the look of my grandmother, Molly Mulholland

SONGS AT SEA.

Fresh blew the wind; with buoyant thrill
The white-sailed ship her canvas spread;
While groups of passengers at will
Paced the wide deck or talked, or read.

"Let's have a song," the captain cried,
"Some good old tune that all can sing.
Come, on a favorite decide,
And we will make the topmasts ring.

"What shall it be?" An English bride
Looked back to where the white cliffs gleam,
Then turned with loyalty and pride
And softly sang "God Save the Queen!"

The captain smiled. "Now let all speak."
A German gave a wordless sign,
Then named with kindling eyes and cheek
The Saxon's boast, "Die Wacht am Rhein."

"Now I 'Ye Mariners' prefer,"
The captain said. "Madame Française?"

She answered: "N'importe, monsieur,"
But lightly trilled "La Marseillaise."

Another's stalwart bosom swelled
And 'neath his curling lash was seen
A trampled spirit still unquelled,
While rose "The Wearin' o' the Green."

"Hoots mon, ye mak too much ado;
We'll ne'er get settled on a tune!
Ring out 'The Campbell's Comin', noo',
Or 'Scots Wha Hae' or 'Bonnie Doon!'"

"The theme I choose," a soft voice said,
"Floats o'er us now with shelt'ring care."
All looked to see unfurled o'erhead
The starry banner, proud and fair.

"And yet I would not care to fling
Up to the skies my praise alone.
Oh, hearts of men, what would you sing
Except the notes of 'Home, Sweet Home?'"

Oh, magic words! With one consent
The nations voiced that one refrain!

What though the tones were strangely blent,
If home the word, or heim, or hame?

Their wing'ed thoughts the singers freed
To seek that land of lands again.
If tears fell fast they did not heed,
But slaked their soul-thirst in the rain.

Oh, wayward, loyal, human heart,
Though careless, cold and world-worn grown,
Unerring flies the song-plumed dart
Tipped with the golden words, "My Home."

THE YANKEE MARINE.

FEBRUARY 16, 1898.

The captain, brows stern, shoulders straight, soldier-wise,
Was writing a note, but the smile in his eyes
Proved well it was neither a log nor a chart,
But just an account of the siege in his heart,
For a lover more true, a warrior more keen,
Ne'er woos and ne'er fights than a Yankee marine.

The fo'ecastle watch hugged his gun to his breast;
Upon the dark waters the ship lay at rest.
The songs of the bluejackets floated above,
Each filled with the praise of a sailor lad's love.
A name and a sigh and a lifted canteen;
And a prayer from the heart of each Yankee marine.

"Beloved," the captain wrote on to his wife,
"All's well with the Maine—though dark rumors are rife—"

He stopped. Like a hound in the path of a train
The battleship shook as she tugged at her chain.
A boom! A red blare! And on shore, all unseen,
Spain laughed at the fate of the Yankee marine!

A leap! and a crash at the port cabin door!
A stumble through mangled and dead on the floor!
And Sigsbee rushed into the fierce fusillade
Still pouring hot rain where his navies had played,
While out of that Hades, with orderly mien,
Eyes front, at salute, came a Yankee marine.

His cutlass hand rose to his powder-burned head.
"The Maine has blown up, sir; is sinking," he said.
The eyes of the chief and the eyes of the tar
Flashed into each other with one meaning: "War!"
And stars redly gleamed, through the smoke, on the scene,
Where, fearful in death, lay the murdered marine.

Small need for discussion; small need for delay;
The heart of Columbia is stricken to-day.
To arms! Let the brazen-voiced bugle ring clear,
The call that the nation is waiting to hear.
With trample and gallop and musketry sheen,
Huzza! for our flag and the Yankee marine!

THE JEDGE O' FOLKS.

I've ben here nigh about eighty year,
Shadder an' storm an' shine;
An' I've come to see some things more clear
Then I did in my younger time,
An' I says to myself as I sets an' smokes,
"I ain't ben appi'n'ted th' jedge o' folks."

I'll own there's things that'll rile me some,
(Mebbe I needn't say)!
I used to tackle 'em, one by one,
Fur to straighten 'em out my way;
But, land! I was feelin' my hatchet's edge,
So's to be ax man as well as jedge.

I reckon I meddled; like enough;
Mostly it turns out so.
An' hurt with my hands, so hard and rough
Some wounds that I didn't jes' know.
In fact, like the most of your "meanin' well,"
I done more harm thun I'd like to tell.

But this is the waitin' time with me;
Clearer I see and think;
An' I face the facts jest as they be
Whilest I watch life's embers sink,
An' I says, as the back-log smold'rin' smokes,
"I ain't ben appinted the jedge o' folks!"

NIGHT.

In frost 'broidered garments the hushed earth is swaying
Out in the firmament's cradle of blue;
And now are the daughters of music essaying
For the God child, Creation, a slumber song new.

Each wave to the shore its weird melody's bringing,
Till ocean's grand orchestra sounds on the beach;
But tuneless the lute and forgotten the singing,
For silence is guarding the portals of speech.

The while we yet toiled in the sun, Night was flinging
Her veil over Orient gardens so fair;
And now in its folds a strange fragrance is clinging,
That lulls into slumber the grim warden, Care.

And, spellbound, the keeper has left the gate swinging
That leads to the dream meadow's poppy-fringed way;
So haste thee, ere rose-armed Aurora, upspringing,
Calls out from the east the swift cohorts of Day.

FROM THE MINE.

D'ye know what it means to work under there,
Away from the sunshine and outer air—
The only free gifts even God can give
To help a man in his struggle to live?
Where the laugh of a child, the song of a bird,
The voice of a woman, are never heard;
Where the only sound is the click, clang, click
Of your badge of power, the miner's pick?

The thought of the damp grows a haunting dread,
Not for ourselves—we were better dead;
But for children, for wives, who bide above,
With little to live on but faithful love;
Smiling through hunger and cold, womanwise,
And raising new hope when an old hope dies;
And nerving our arms for a coming day,
When for honest work there'll be honest pay.

We burrow and store, like the senseless mole,
Roofed and inclosed by the glittering coal,
That changes to gold at touch of your hand—
Gold for fresh pleasures, new treasures, more land,

But leaves us blackhanded, and famished, and sick,
With naught in our hands but the shovel and pick—
Strong keys, which will some day, it may be, unlock
The door that ne'er yielded to timider knock.

We look from the dark and we cannot well see
In the glare of the world how this thing can be,
That you, who're but men such as we, can hold
The balance of pow'r, the will and the gold,
While we, e'en as if we'd gone to the wall,
And borne on our ears the brand of your awl,
Must slave in your mines and sullenly turn
To beg for the wage we honestly earn.

THE QUEST OF GUDRUN.

They had been betrothed when Gudrun was 17 and Olaf had reached the age of 21. Betrothed solemnly with the blessing of the minister; and Gudrun had worn on her smooth, yellow braids the marriage crown that her mother and hers had worn before her, for engagements in Norway are not lightly given or kept, and the betrothal ceremonies are second only to the wedding in importance and pomp.

Olaf was a splendid specimen of the Northman; a type of the vikings of song and story; yellow-haired and of kingly stature.

The neighbors had frowned and murmured a little when his parents had given him his name as they held him at the baptismal fount in the old gray-stone church.

"It is a king's name," they said, "and the keeper of flocks has no right to it!" But the holy water was already on the white brow of the child, and old Peter's boy was called Olaf instead of Peter's son.

The years went by; and as Olaf grew to manhood a little girl sprang up like a flower in the household of the

good minister. Gudrun he called her; forgetting the saga which made Olaf, the fierce Christian king, the suitor for that hapless lady's hand. The boy had a fishing boat and was much of the time away at sea; but his townspeople whispered of wild tales they had heard of him; and shook their heads over the news of his adventures, which were carried back to the village from the seaports.

But there came a day when Olaf stood like a sun-god at the gate of the garden where Gudrun was queen rose; and then the story began.

A few weeks of happiness followed the betrothal, and then the young man determined to try his fortune in the new world. He was to leave on the next ship, and, arriving in New York, would make his way at once across the mighty country to California or Washington, where fortune waited every strong and willing hand. Together the young people followed the curious maps and read of the wonderland beyond the ocean, and Gudrun's heart was as full of courage and enthusiasm as her lover's own.

She would wait at home and spin the fine linen and soft wool for their garments

and household needs, and when he had made a little home for her she would not be afraid to cross the seas to him.

At first letters came rich in description and hope, and Gudrun sang and beat with her slippered foot to the music of voice and spinning wheel on the sanded floor. Then the messages were less frequent, and finally ceased altogether.

The neighbors, whose faith in the young man had been fanned into life by his love for the minister's daughter, began shaking their heads again. But the girl, true and sound to the heart as the young pines in her native forests, never doubted one moment. Six months, a year, two years went by. The old minister died, and the daughter put a white cross at the head of the new mound in the country churchyard; then quietly made her preparations and sailed on the very next steamer of the North German Lloyds line that left the port.

With Olaf's letters for her guide, she followed the way he had gone across the continent and up into Washington.

It was midday when she reached a little northern station, which was the last postoffice address Olaf had

given her. The postmaster was a Norwegian, and he looked at her a little strangely when she inquired how she could reach the hut in the woods that he had described to her.

"Yes, he is there," he admitted reluctantly; "but the path is wild and dangerous. No, there is no guide and the horses can not get through. Wait, I will call my wife."

A fair-haired woman came out of the house and urged its hospitality upon the young stranger, but she would not wait. The man drew a rough diagram on a paper and gave it to the girl.

"Follow the path up the mountain as far as the trees are blazed," he said, "then turn to the left and watch for the bushes with broken twigs."

The woman looked at the girl earnestly. "God be with you," she said simply, "and remember the same path leads back to this door."

Gudrun stepped swiftly along over the heavy, damp sod and soon the forest closed around her. Even the great wooded stretches of her own land had nothing so

vast and impenetrable. The trees stood with roots and branches interlocking, and mighty trunks barred the way, while only a faint glimmer of light fell through the living green above her.

The stillness was deeper and more awful than silence. Not a bird note or chirp of insect, or flutter of a dry leaf broke the hush of that solitude. Only her heartbeats sounded like the trample of horses almost upon her. Fear gripped her throat and smothered her; she thought of the wild creatures that would creep out of those shadows at night.

"Olaf! Olaf!" she screamed in terror. But her words fell back in a score of echoes upon her. Moss, gray as her father's hair, looped from the trees and held her, but still she hurried onward. Suddenly a chicken ran out of the bushes in front with a shrill note of fright. She clapped her hands and laughed hysterically. Here at last was life and domesticity! She could hardly move for trembling.

A little beyond was an opening and there was a hut with smoke creeping lazily from its old chimney. She rushed to the open doorway.

"Olaf!" The glad cry was left unuttered on her lips. The man she had crossed the seas to meet was there; but with him was a strange, dark woman, with straight black hair and flashing eyes. A coarse red blanket hung about her shoulders and in its folds she carried a child, fair of face and with Saxon features.

The girl crouched in the shadows and saw Olaf take the child from its mother's arms and sing to him the Norseman's lullaby. Then she ran back to the shelter of the woods, blindly retracing her steps through the forest, and to the cottage at the station.

The fair-haired woman was at the door to meet her.

"I knew you would come, poor lamb," she said, in the dear home language. "Come in, now, and rest."

She led the fainting girl into a neat little room and untied her shoes, as a mother might have done, giving her food and soothing her with tactful silence. By and by the good man came in and held a lighted candle before her in the quaint Norse custom.

"Blow out the light, maiden," he said, "with a prayer. Your trouble will go with it."

She did as he requested and in a few moments sank into a sweet sleep. The woman looked into her peaceful face and smiled gently.

"'Twas the best cure, husband," she said, "it is well that we let her go."

This is the life story that Gudrun herself told me a day or so ago, and while she was speaking a black-haired boy came up and caught her with fierce affection in his arms.

"This is Olaf's son" she said. "Olaf and his Indian wife both died and there was no one to care for the little one. So, after all, you see" (with a smile of tenderest radiance), "it is well that Gudrun came."

SONNET.

Love blossoms on the heights. The edelweiss
Should be its emblem rather than the rose.
Above the line of the eternal snows
It blooms, component flame and dew and ice.
Purer than pearls, and rarer than the spice
The ships of Ophir brought the Holy Land,
The treasure waits the daring climber's hand,
And yields its guerdon for his sacrifice.
But 'broidering the garments of the hills,
Wild, tangled. riotous and wild'ring, grow
Sweet counterfeits that he may take who wills;
Deep tropic blooms that through dusk twilights glow;
And many linger in their lang'rous thrall
Who never clasp the perfect flow'r at all.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOSS ROSE.

The florist's door was opened wide and, as I tried to hurry past, a wave of fragrance swept around and held me. The window was filled with roses of different hues and varying degrees of beauty; and cool and sweet beneath them, on deep banks of moss, nestled the violets and forget-me-nots. I stepped within and a man came forth to meet me. He greeted me with a smile of cordial recognition, and I noticed that the heart of a child looked from the blue eyes half shadowed by the shaggy brows of age, and that he was a German, with the songs of his fatherland singing always in his heart, as he lived among his flowers and his memories.

"You haf come?" he said, as though he had been long expecting me "Ah, dot ist goot! De flowers bow you velcome. Dey vatch you effery morgen ven you bass und nods dere headts und vispers to each odder 'Some tay she vill come to us, some tay, some tay.'"

Beyond his first pleased glance the old man had not looked at me, but he talked as he moved softly around among some flowering plants and turned their flushing faces, with loving touches, toward the light.

"Do you mean that the roses know me; that they understand that I love them and are glad?" I asked, strangely moved by the suggestion.

"Dot ist so —

"Ah, mein liebling!" he exclaimed, turning away from me and lifting a beautiful moss rose from the floor, "droop not dy headt — all vill yet be vell!"

His tone was as tender as though he comforted a wounded child, and he bent over a bruised and swaying branch caressingly.

He was silent for a little while, tying some straying branches, with careful hands, a tender smile flashing up from his lips and settling in his eyes.

"Do you know de oldt German story," he asked, "how de soft, creen cratle come for the new-porn rose? No? Ah, das vaterland ist de land of de music; de land of the legend und story, vere die mutter's morgenlied sings in de heardts of de schildren foreffer!"

A flush crept over his features and a bar of some long-forgotten song quavered upon his lips.

"Will you tell me the legend of the rose?" I asked.

The old man took a dewy blossom in his hand and gazed at it meditatively.

"Ven I vas a leetle poy—so high," he began, "I dook a rose vrom a tree dot grew by de house vere I vas porn, und I vent in und put de flower in de yellow braids of my young mutter's hair. Ah, I see now de light in dose soft blue eyes—God's forget-me-nots dey haf always peen to me—as she dook me upp close mit her arms und sait:

"Vonce ven the vorldt vas sadt an angel come town to help und comfort all de sons of men, but dey drived him avay, und he sees so much grief und sin und hear so much efil vords dot he vas faint und veary, und he try to find a place of rest. But he vandered along und no door opened, no one asked him to come in, und at last he fal't town by the roatside und sleept till the sun shone out und a breeze come opp vrom de nort und scattered some soft, pink petals on his face. Den he vake opp und look aroundt, und dere was a tall rosetree

bendin' down its boughs to shelter him und svayin' all its green branches above his headt, while de leaves rustled und vispered like dey vas singin' him to sleep vonce more.

"It vas tay, und de angel rose mit his face to de east und stretched vide his vings; he dook a rose und blaced it in his bosom and sait: 'Thou hast given me a shelter denied by man, und henceforth thou shalt lie in a cratle of moss as a token of my Master's lof and power.'

"So on branch und stem de creen moss grew, enfoldting each bud and blossom; und de rose became the sweetest in all de vorldt!"

The old man talked as he selected the dewy blossoms for my bouquet, and the sweet old legend fell from reverent lips.

"The story is very beautiful," I said, "but"—the cynicism of the western skies came down upon me—"do you think that it is true?"

The gardener looked at me in great surprise. Reproach and commiseration struggled for the mastery.

"You beleef it not? Nein?" A flash of indignation hardened the tender eyes. He turned to the

window full of the deep-hearted flowers and laid the ones he had chosen for me down beside them.

"You must oxcuse me," he said with cold formality; "I cannot gif you my roses off you don't beleef in dem. A man may not greef de soul of a flower."

I walked between the sentinel lilies and out into the street, but I did not hear the roses whisper as I passed:

"Some day she will come to us; some day, some day."

"HEIMGANG."

"Heimgang," she said, the quaint old-fashioned speech
Curving her lips to smiling e'er it ceased.
Without the Dawn stretched her pale hand to reach
The purple clouds and draw them from the East

And light began to filter through the room,
From the low window to the raftered wall,
Like bars of gold athwart the heavy gloom,
While silence brooded softly over all.

And up from bar to bar her glances passed,
As though it were a ladder to the skies,
That her pure soul, freed from its bonds at last,
Trod, round by round, up to its Paradise.

We knew that she was dying, but her eyes,
Dimmed with the bitterness of homesick tears,
Grew bright as with a sudden glad surprise,
And from her forehead fled the marks of years!

Then sweet and clear upon the wings of day
The matin bells their tuneful message cast;
And, smiling in our eyes, she went her way,
Glad, as a tired child, for home, at last.

AUTUMN.

O, the golden haze of the Autumn days
When the sun hangs o'er the hills,
And the mellow wine of vintage time
The heart of Nature thrills!

How the forest's gloom bursts into bloom
And the laden orchards bow!
The sun has kissed into amethyst
The grapes' deep clusters now.

The scarlet vine to the oak and pine
Has fled with glowing look:
She has veiled the path of the lightning's wrath
And raced with the noisy brook.

As the seasons march 'neath the sky's blue arch
We may sing their praise and cheer.
But the Autumn time is the golden prime—
Yes, the crowning of the year.

EPH'RUM'S MATRIMONIAL SURPRISES.

They were sitting too far back from the lake shore to see much of the cycling contest, but they did not seem to mind that very much. Beyond the crowd of brightly-garmented people that stretched like a low and jeweled wall in front of them they could catch sight of the lagoon hemmed with its band of vivid emerald sward; and from there look far off to where the bending heaven touched the waters and the strong east wind snatched snowy clouds from the sapphire sky and tore them into white caps for the waves.

Occasionally the old couple would lift their dark faces toward the statue of a man on horseback, outlined against the sky and standing silent and im-

movable between them and their world, but if the sight had any significance to them they gave no sign. The cold breeze fluttered the shawl on the woman's ample shoulders, and she drew it closer as she said:

"Dar wan't no sich cold fall days w'en we uster walk togedder befo' wah times, war dar, Eph'rum?"

She looked a little curiously into the withered black face of the man beside her and continued:

"Seems like I couldn't hardly b'leeve dat dis is yo'. I allus 'member yo' like yo' was w'en I saw yo' las'. Lan', how yo' uster rastle; dey couldn't none of 'em fro' yo'! An' how yo' could stomp the hoedown! I ain't neber fo'got dat! How long yo' b'en lookin' foh me, Eph'rum?"

She smoothed the faded ribbon at her throat and smiled at him with the pathetic coquetry of age. The old man coughed apologetically and said with commendable hesitation:

"W—wall, yo' see, I cain't jes' tell how long I mought 'a' be'n lookin' foh yo', honey, ef Tanzy Ann hedn't hed sich a lingerin' disp'sition. It war dis way: W'en yo' was sol' an' moved up de ribber I was dat 'stracted dat de fust t'ing I knowed I wuz ma'h'd to ole Jim's

daughtah. Yo' knowed Tanzy, didn't yo'? Why she war de putties'—I mean she war dat pore, li'l' lame nigger ob Jim's. We libed in de cabin whar ole mis' planted de honeysuckle vines, an'—oh, dem vines all died!"

The woman was watching him closely, and the wily old man was trying to keep all the remembrances of his past happiness out of his voice, and to explain his long delay in claiming his bride. He saw that he was making some mistakes.

"Wall, li'l' Tanzy Ann wasn't neber vehy well," he continued, "an' I uster tote her roun' in meh ahms like she wuz candy—an' one day she died."

Eph'rum turned away and gazed out over the waters —a redeeming light upon his crafty face.

"W'en she die?" the woman asked abruptly.

"She ben dead twenty-two years de sebenth day ob July," he replied, with unusual promptness and exactness as to date.

His companion snorted contemptuously.

"An' yo' ben lookin' foh me foh twenty-two years? Humph!"

"W—wall, I done sta'ted out to look foh yo'. I heerd dat yo' war up no'th, an' I come 'long up to

Lexington—on meh wey to fin' yo', yo' know. An' ef I didn't come 'cross Lizy Stow. Yo' 'member Lizy? An' de fust ting I knowed she done got ma'h'd to me —an' dar I wuz! So I tought I mought jes as well settle right down dar whar Lizy hed a good bisness in de washin' and ihnin' line. Hi! how I uster camp down in de sun, 'side de vine dat kivered de cabin, an' heah de music ob de soapsuds bilin' ober on de stove an' de rub-dub ob Lizy's knuckles on the washboa'd! An' I'd fall fas' asleep jes de minute I'd heah huh rastlin' roun' foh de pail an' gin to look foh me to tote in de rinsh watah."

The old man fell into a meditative silence but the woman was visibly impatient.

"Lizy Stow uster be pow'ful humbly," she said. "W'en she die?"

"Le's see," he began, reflectively; "I reckon she's ben gone moughty nigh fifteen years, foh Hepsy an' me had ben ma'h'd ober fourteen years w'en she died, las' week."

The listener arose in her wrath.

"Yo' ain' gwine tell me dat youse ben ma'h'd since Lizy died, is yo'?"

He quailed a little under her fierce eyes, but answered bravely:

"W—wall, yo' see, it wus jes like dis, Pearly: W'en Lizy j'ined huh sistahs in de Lor', I sole de flat ihans an' washboa'd and de bushel o' peach-pits we owned, an' den I sta'ted out foh to look foh de lubly floweh I'd ben a pinin' foh so long—dat wuz yo', honey. An' w'en I wuz trabelin' a-huntin' foh yo', who'd I cum 'cross but Hepsy, an' de fust t'ing I knowed—"

"De fust t'ing yo' know some udder fool woman'll mah'y yo', I s'pose," said his companion, glowering upon him in righteous anger, "but I 'tell yo', Mistah Eph'rum Har'son, dat woman ain' gwine ter be me!"

She strode away majestically; but an hour later when I passed the place again, they were sitting close together and "Eph'rum" was evidently resigning himself to another matrimonial surprise.

LULLABY.

Sleep, Beloved, sleep,
Through the night watch deep.
He will give His angels charge concerning thee
Let thy evening prayer
Loose the chains of care
And thy slumber calm and peaceful be.

Sleep, Beloved, sleep,
For a legion fleet
Is encamped upon the circling hills of night;
From this world below
Swift-winged heralds go
To the courts of Heaven, where all is light.

Sleep, Beloved, sleep—
Ah, thou may'st not weep!
See, thy mother holds thee close against her breast!
Smile in mine eyes, dear,
Alone, I am here,
God's own anointed—rest, baby, rest.

Days and weeks sometimes passed without a newspaper or a message from outside finding its way into the lumber camp. Not that the rough, bearded men in their red shirts and corduroys cared much about that, though. The outside world was pretty effectively shut away from them by the tall trees of the northern forest, and what was going on in this city or that was not a matter of much thought or interest. In fact the bosses knew it was just as well to keep the minds of the choppers from the attractions of the towns until pay day, at least; for a good deal of wild blood ran in the veins of the strong-limbed, hairy-chested loggers that only needed the whisky to make desperate. A pity, too; for rude and untutored as many of them were, the day did not pass without some instance of kindness or charity or good comradeship—that is when the effects of the last debauch had worn off and the anticipation of the next had not begun to flush the brown faces and set a glitter in the keen eyes and make the men sullen and ugly toward every one in camp.

In the whole crew that set out for the woods last winter no one man was more feared and hated than Kelsey. He was a big, black-bearded fellow with eyes as cold as the blade of his ax, half hidden under overhanging brows. A deep scar cut across his face diagonally from forehead to chin, dividing the bronzed flesh with a track of livid white, and adding to his sinister appearance. He was a man of few words and did not chum much with the fellows, and after a first understanding with him even Borson, the Swede, did not attempt any more familiarity.

It was at mess the first night in camp. They had had some songs and stories, and you could tell that some of them were just winding up a big spree. Borson called attention to the scar on Kelsey's face and offered to bet he could give him another to match it. But when the rest finally got the Swede from under the Irishman's knee and carried him to his bunk there wasn't much fight left in him; and as no one seemed inclined to pick up the quarrel where he had left off, Kelsey wasn't interfered with after that time.

But there was a good deal of uneasiness in camp and some mutterings among the men, and even the over-

seer came to regard him as a dangerous fellow. Nobody knew a thing against him, it is true; but you know how fast suspicion travels; and it wasn't long before there were a dozen murders laid to his account. One thing did seem against him among the open-handed lot. He was miserly with his money. Cards seemed to have no attractions for him, and although they all knew a man of his character must be a hard drinker, he never joined the others in their decorating tours through the town when they went out of the woods.

Well, it went on for the early part of the winter, without any change in the feeling of the crew as far as Kelsey was concerned, and then a few days before Christmas the men were paid off and allowed a holiday.

They took the long sledge and a double team, and hauled out early in the morning. Kelsey was along, and the men had planned among themselves to stay sober long enough to see what "deviltry" he might be up to. Borson and a man named Farwell were to shadow him, and to signal the others when they had him in a trap.

He didn't make them wait very long, for as soon as they had their dinner at the Lumberman's hotel, he left

the crew and strode hurriedly up the street. Borson and Farwell followed at a distance, and the rest brought up the rear. He dodged into a low door of a shabby building, and, after a brief wait, reappeared carrying long, carefully wrapped bundles, and directing the removal of three or four large boxes of suspicious size and shape. The two spies looked at each other, paling under the bronze of their bearded cheeks. They saw him hail an express wagon, and pile the boxes in with his own hands, laying the long bundles carefully on top, and then, taking his place beside his packages, drive hurriedly to the express office.

Half an hour later the receiving clerk of the express company was facing a score of excited lumbermen.

What was it Kelsey shipped a few minutes before? They demanded the list. The clerk ran his finger down the day's page leisurely. He belonged in that country, and was not afraid of the fierce, red-shirted loggers when they were not drunk. So he read composedly:

"From John Kelsey, Blank's Logging Camp, to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Chicago:

"One dozen wax doll babies.

"Three rocking horses.

"Six steam engines.

"One dozen toy kitchens.

"One doz—"

"Here, that's enough! Shut up, will ye?"

Borson pounded the counter threateningly and the other men sidled toward the door.

"Christmas toys for the orphan kids in Chicago! Christmas toys! An' we come here to do him up!"

The speaker, one of the roughest of the gang, blinked a little and rubbed his red sleeve across his eyes.

Silently the men trooped back to where Kelsey stood rubbing the winter coat of one of the horses and looking out over the snow reflectively.

"Pardner," said the leader, advancing and holding out a huge, grimy hand, "We've misjedged ye an' we'd like ter make it square!"

Kelsey took the hand and responded to its hearty grip, and then the loggers passed up in a line until they had all given the astonished Irishman proof of their change of heart, and expressed in bluff, laconic speech their feeling toward him. And more than one

went back to camp that night in unwonted soberness, muttering under his breath, with oaths which meant devoutest prayers:

"Christmas toys for orphan children in Chicago! Little forsaken kids' Christmas toys!"

THE HUSKING BEE.

In grandma's room, one rainy day,
Sweet Madge and Ethel, Blanche and Mae
Talk of the waltz and redowa
  In a laughing chatter, all.
And grandma listens, sitting straight
In high-backed chair, beside the grate,
Her cheeks abloom with roses late,
  As they gossip of the ball.

But grandma'd been a lassie, too,
And in her eyes of faded blue
Youth's smold'ring fires flame anew
  As she hears their voices bright.
Then back her thoughts across the space
Like homing doves, unloosened, race
To reach a mem'ry-hallowed place,
  All aglow with candle-light!

She sees a barn with rafters bare;
High, bronze-hued pyramids, and there
A lad with silky, yellow hair,
  Like the ripe and tasseled corn.

She sees a double waving line
Of lads and lassies, brave and fine,
Move back and forth in lively time
To the fiddle and the horn.

Her heart takes up the music's beat;
She hears the trample of their feet,
As now they part, and now they meet,
With a curt'sy staid and low.
Dark eyes look straight into her own,
As two and two advance alone,
A youth and maid; she hears a tone,
And her cheeks begin to glow.

The dance is done; the tasks begin;
The lantern light is pale and dim;
She gives a side-long glance at him—
As he, bashful, lingers near.
The rustling husks away they strip,
A laugh and song on each young lip,
And something else?—she gives the slip—
He has found the scarlet ear!

The lights grow pale, the music dies,

Before her dim and faded eyes
The vision of her girlhood flies,
  As the day melts into dusk.
The girls steal out and leave her there
In her old-fashioned, high-back chair.
But, smiling still, she hums the air
  Of the ancient "Money Musk."

KATIE'S LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING.

A cloud of coal-oil smoke rolled out of the door when Katie opened it in response to my knock, and I saw that her pretty rosy face was very smudgy.

"Sure it's like invitin' ye intil th' ole Nick's kitchen, barrin' the brimstone, mum," said Katie, apologetically, as she wiped a chair with her checked apron and drew it as near to the open window as the chilly day would permit.

"It's light housekapin' I'm doin', mum, if ye plaze," she continued, with fine scorn, "except the time when I'm doin' dark housekapin' wid that little smokin' imp out there. Bad cess til the man phat pairsuaded me to trade off me dacent range and me Christian character for that!

"An' didn't I fale contint wid the stove I had until he tould me iv all the money I'd be havin' in the bank fur a rainy day; whin I cud have the purty stove shinin' on me table an' doin' all me cookin' an' ironin' an' ivery blissed thing about the work fur sivin cints a week! But niver a wurrud did he say about the death it ud give

Terry an' me—not countin' that poor crature forninst yer head there!"

Katie turned a wrathful glance at the bird-cage above my head, but when I looked up I laughed until, after undergoing all the changes of surprise, vexation and resentment, her face relaxed into a rueful smile.

The canary bird, originally of brightest yellow color and shrillest voice, stood on one foot, high up on the topmost perch of his painted cage, black as the storied raven, and more uncanny because of the dull griminess of his plumage. Not a note or a sound came from his sooty beak, but his round, black eyes gleamed sullenly upon Katie as if he considered her responsible for his humiliation.

"Ah, he's gittin' used til it now, mum," she said. "I niver can lave that blatherin' thing out there for three minutes that the wick don't creep up like the desavin' thing it is, and smoke us out iv house an' home. Do ye mind the two eyes of him? Ugh! if he wor dead it's a hant he'd be!"

Katie's experiences with an oil stove were not different in kind from some I had known, and I was interested.

"I think you must learn more about the proper management of the stove, Katie," I said.

"Indade, mum"—"that is, I mean—would you advise some student friends of mine to buy an oil stove—a little one, you know, to get their breakfasts on?"

"Not if I pertinded to be a frind til them, mum," she answered impressively. "It's often I, myself, am timpted to use some iv Terry's sayins' to relave me falin's whin I find me iligant bread wid a top as black as a chimney-sweep's hat, and soot over iverything in the house, not mentionin' poor Dicksy. An' no tellin' the sin ye frinds might be gittin' in bekase iv it! There's only wan consolation I have, mum," she continued, looking devoutly upward, as though her comfort came from angelic source, "an' that is, the man phat sold me the stove owns this flat, and ivery stick iv the furnitoore belongs til him!"

MILKMAN JIM.

Our milkman is the nicest man!
Each mornin' when he brings our can
He clinks the top an' slams it down,
An' stomps an' sings an' bangs aroun'
So I'll wake up an' run to see
If there's a cup of cream for me;
Er else he calls, in loudest tones:
"Here's milk for you, young shackle-bones!"

Some folks don't like the noise; they say
They wisht he'd let 'em sleep till day!
But he don't care. He says it's fine
To wake up mornin's in good time.
"Early to bed an' quick to rise,
Will make us strong and well and wise,"
An' he should think a boy would grow
Jes' like a weed by doin' so.

He says that he don't take no stock
In other kids that's in our block,
But he's an awful friend to me,
An' takes me with him frequently.

I grab my clothes when down below
I hear him holler: "Whoa, there, whoa!"
An' when we ride, zigzag, along,
He sings for me some funny song.

He folds his coat behind my back,
An' lets me take the whip to crack;
He shows me gophers in the hedge,
An' little flowers on the ledge,
An' says the bluebird flyin' by
Is jes' a piece knocked off the sky,
An' then he reaches back the cup
That brims with milk when it comes up.

Tom Jones has got a pony cart
An' he jes' thinks he's awful smart;
An' Charlie Brown has got a man
That tags him up and down the san'
To see he don't get in the sun,
Er splash his suit, er have some fun.
But I won't trade; for Milkman Jim
Says I can grow up jes' like him!

KEEPIN' CUMP'NY.

She stood so close to the window of the great music store that the edges of her sunbonnet pressed against the glass, and I could not see the eager face in the calico tunnel until the wind snipped rudely at her thin and fluttering garments, and she turned for an instant to protest:

"Wha's de use ob yoh ackin' like dat foh? Cayn't yo leave a pore ole body 'lone? I ain't doin' nuffin ter sturb yoh!"

Not a smile crossed the dark face, and she addressed the wind as if it were an actual visible presence, gathering her scant gown in one bony hand and drawing it back as from another's grasp.

"Seems moughty queer a pore body can't look in ter de winder foh to see de banjos and fiddles, outen Brer Win' haf ter come long;" she grumbled, finding in me a willing auditor, "he feels like he owns ever'ting w'at sings."

"I didn't know that he claimed the stringed instruments," I said, falling in with her fancy. "What makes you think that?"

"Case he comes ebry night when Eph'rum plays," she answered solemnly, rolling her eyes toward my face. "Wen de fire gins ter crackle and de dark shadders from de corners run out arter de little candle on de table and stretch dere long fingers on de wall Eph'rum comes home an' I yere him trummin' on de banjo like he did afore he went away. He sets close up by de winder and he stomps de floor twell de cabin shakes and I see agin de darkies in de cotton fiels and yere de tramp of de hoe-down wen de harvest's passed; an' de glory wen de Lord awakes!

"Oh, no, Eph'rum ain' meh son; he's jes meh ole man. He died wen we was comin' up yere. But he knows how lonesome I git fur de banjo tunes an' so he comes an' plays um foh me. Dere ain't no use ob Brer Win's comin' long, but he stan's outside, a-beatin' on de doah an' a-knockin' on de winder twell we let him in, an' den he sings wif de banjo an' his voice beats on my heart like de frozen rain, an' bimeby wen I cayn't see no mo' an' de marrer in my bones turns col' hit comes day."

I looked into the poor old face, black and wrinkled as one of ancient Egypt's dead, and set with the seal of madness.

"Have you no one to stay with you?" I asked, "no one to keep you company?"

The monotonous voice grew suddenly tender: "Keep cump'ny? Oh, yes, honey; me an' Eph'rum, we allus keep cump'ny!" She passed her hand across her brow: "I'd be mos' 'stracted outen Eph'rum."

HOW BUD BROUGHT IN THE COPY.

The city editor opened the door and peered impatiently through the clouds of smoke rolling up over the long center table in the reporters' room.

"Did you get that story, Carleton?" he asked.

"Carleton's not in yet, Mr. Howard," one of the men replied. He—"

But the door shut with a bang, to open a minute later, when the same worried voice inquired:

"Where's Bud? No, I suppose he isn't to be found, either! Did any one ever know him to be on hand when he was wanted? Here, Bud," as the grimy-faced galley and general-utility boy in question came in with his proofs, "go down to the foot of F street and find Carleton. There's a wreck off the point, but it won't do us any good unless he gets here with that copy pretty soon. We go to press at 3 o'clock—in just two hours. Bud—"

He stopped with a half smile, for the boy was already part way down the stairs on his way to the street.

None of us knew exactly why we gave the weird, shriveled specimen of boyhood the name of Bud. Pos-

sibly it was because of the certainty we felt that he would never become a blossom. He was a thin-shouldered, shrunken-chested little fellow, small even for his twelve years, with a sharp-featured, unchildish face and the suggestion of eternal croup in his voice. He had drifted into the office one stormy night about a year before the time of which I write, and, although his request for "a place" had been promptly refused, he had calmly stayed on, and become a fixture. He was not communicative about himself, and we were not particularly curious. One of the women proofreaders discovered before long that the gray rat under her desk was not a more constant habitue of the office than was Bud. He spent the hours between the time the paper went to press and the arrival of the day men at 11 o'clock sleeping on a pile of empty mail sacks in a dark corner of the engine-room, but from that time on he was alert and ready for business. As "understudy" for Frank, the regular galley boy, he was fast picking up a knowledge of printing and had occasionally displayed a surprising amount of information regarding the general make-up of a newspaper; strongly imbued with the idea that all things were secondary in

importance and must be subservient to its requirements. Nothing pleased him so much as an errand of the kind just given him by the city editor, and we all knew he would return on time if he was alive.

Carleton was a new man on the paper, a little green in the business, but with a "nose for news" and a sense of honor and the eternal fitness of things, coupled with reliability of statement. Mr. Howard had looked over his staff that night before giving the assignment.

"Get to that wreck, Carleton," he said, testily. "You are the only man here who can write it up without having the waves roll mountain high." And the new reporter had torn a thick section from the block of copy paper and hurried away.

Bud found no difficulty in locating the wreck, although he could see its dark spars outlined against the sky much better by running along the river front as far as H street. The storm, which had been raging for three days, and had finally caused the disaster, had subsided a trifle, and from his distance the great, black hulk seemed resting easily upon the waves. On account of the hour there were but few spectators—only the hurry-

ing life-saving crews, the patrolmen and the inevitable groups of ragged wharf rats. And Bud observed, with delight, that not another paper had a reporter on the scene. He looked around for Carleton and some one told him that the "chap" that had been writing there for a long time, sitting on an overturned small boat, had at last righted the little craft and set off for the half-submerged ship.

"He hadn't oughter, either," the man continued. "This water ain't as peaceful as it looks. We had a hard pull gettin' in the last trip with the passengers, and the wind is risin' higher every minute."

It was true that the clouds had begun to roll again, while the lightning threw ever sharper and more jagged fangs across the sky. The crew on shore made hasty preparations to put out. There were still many people aboard the wreck—a number of them women and children. Bud was the first one in the boat.

"Come out of that, youngster," said a sailor. "Be quick with you!"

"I'm goin'," cried the boy. "I've got to see Carleton—I've got to—I tell you!"

The sailor's hand was on his collar, but Bud clung to the seat with desperation, the muscles in his little hands standing out like a gladiator's.

"I've got to get something for the paper!" His voice rose to a shrill scream, but the man lifted him out, sat him, not ungently, down on the wet sand and pushed off the boat. With a fierce cry the boy was after him, clinging like a monkey to its side. The sailor loosened the stubborn hands and he dropped backward into the water. He scrambled to the shore and stood choking with impotent rage, strange oaths pouring from his lips and his frail hands beating at the air.

The wind increased in violence. The thunder was terrific, and the heavens were cut with broad, white blades. The night grew ever blacker, but he could see by the flashes that the lifeboat rolled heavily and seemed in distress. He sank down and dug his hands deep into the sand. All at once a peal of thunder shook the solid earth; a flash of lightning leaped down and seemed to lap up the sea and ships. Bud uncovered his eyes, and in a moment his shrill voice was added to the chorus of agony sent up from among the flames of the fated steamer.

Lightning had struck her; and the boy had heard the sailors say that she carried a consignment of coal oil.

The light was bright enough now and the watchers could see a small, dark object leave her luminous side and head toward shore. It was the small boat. Bud screamed in ecstasy as he saw a man, Carleton, work at the oars. The time seemed an eternity and the boat, overcrowded as it was with women and children, seemed to make no progress. It was in danger of swamping. How long before the explosion must occur?

The boy threw himself face downward upon the beach again and waited. Presently he lifted his eyes and saw the man in the boat rise and gently put back the hands that were extended toward him, as if in entreaty, and then with a long leap spring into the ocean. Bud saw him strike out with strong, confident strokes, while the boat, relieved of his weight, made a leap forward. Then there was a sudden darkening of the sky, as the flames swirled downward, followed by a long, reverberating shock and roar; a glare that turned the heavens into fire. There was a hurrying back and forth along the shore; the whirling of long ropes, lasso-like,

over the waters, and, after a while, a few charred, blackened shapes upon the beach.

Bud opened the office door at half past two.

"This is a nice time for you to show up," growled the city editor. "Where's Carleton? Did you get that copy?"

Bud approached the table slowly, fumbling in his coat with trembling hands.

"I've brought the copy," he said, his lips drawn and ashen. "It's a little wet 'cause 'twas in his pocket, an'"—the boy put his hand up to his throat and sobbed hoarsely—"you see, he—got drowned."

'TWILL BE ALL RIGHT.

Sometimes I think the day ill spent;
An' backward look wi' discontent,
Till candle light,
When Jack comes whistlin' hame again
An' says—though it be shine or rain—
"'Twill be all right."

He canna always tell, I know,
But when he makes sae braw a show
I'm heartened, quite.
An' then I think, come ills that may,
I'll bear them while he's by to say:
"'Twill be all right."

Brave is his heart an' strong his arm
To keep me safe fra' ev'ry harm,
An' sae, at night,
I pray where e'er our feet may go
Though rough our path, or smooth, we'll know—
'Twill be all right!

CHIQUITA.

It seemed scarcely more than an oak leaf, russet-tinged and with edges crisply curled by the autumn air, when the sentry first saw it through the heavy mists still veiling the broad bosom of the river. But his practiced eye was not deceived, and even before he could catch the motion of the long pole that lightly cut the water on either side or saw the almost motionless figure erect and statuesque in the stern, he knew that a canoe, well laden and propelled by an Indian, was approaching. He walked down to the water's edge and waited.

It was early dawn. The mountains that wall the east were hung with somber purple shadows, save where a point that jutted sharply up toward the sky was frosted with faintest amethyst and silver. But as he looked a glory wakened the lonely Silver Star and flooded the far heights of the Olympian hills; the sun swam up through a sea of opalescent mists and beckoned the white wraiths from the valley and river. A line of light marked the gunstock and bayonet against the sentry's shoulder and,

strained through trees that sentinel the shore, flecks of sunshine dappled the waters.

The soldier watched the canoe intently, and saw that it was making for the fort; then, as the slender prow nosed the shore like a pointer, he ran down to see what the early visit might mean.

The Umatilla sprang out and pointed to the boat, in which was stretched the senseless body of a man.

"Me brought him from Shillapoo, 'cross the portage, to white medicine man. Two times it was night and one time day. He is here!"

The Indian turned toward the unconscious passenger; and just then sharp and clear sounded the reveille—driving the remaining mists away—and the soldiers poured out of the barracks like great, blue-coated bees. At a word from the sentry two of them ran to the scene and the wounded man was carried on an improvised stretcher up to the post, the dark figure of his rescuer stalking behind.

The Indian, who belonged to a friendly tribe on a neighboring reservation, explained that while on a fishing trip he had seen this young Englishman in company

with three Californians of the most dangerous class. The stranger had been kind to him — and he remembered. Later, while hunting alone on the shores of Lake Shillapoo he had come across the same man who had been robbed and left for dead beside the lonely waters. With the rude surgery of the forest he had bound his wounds, applying the bruised leaves of certain herbs and brewing remedies from the roots of others, and then, as his patient did not regain consciousness, had carried him bodily over the wild stretch of country between the lake and river, and returning again for the canoe, set out on the voyage for Vancouver barracks.

Maj. Callander, the fort surgeon, added his skill to the work of the Indian and soon had the Englishman up and around again, and so contented that he enlisted as a private in Capt. Barber's company.

And just here is where I must mention Chiquita. An Indian girl? Oh, no! Just the colonel's only daughter.

If ever there lived a rank American he moved about in the uniform of the commanding officer of that regiment. He hated anything foreign, but the sight of an

Englishman was like the smoke of powder to his nostrils. How he ever happened to call that black-eyed girl of his by a Spanish name we never could tell. But it fitted her to perfection; suited her to a T: "Chiquita la bonita!"

There wasn't a man in the regiment who didn't adore the girl. Wild as the prairie breezes, and a typical soldier's daughter — as she should have been — for she was born in a tent during a skirmish with hostiles, and when the fight was over a spent arrow was found lying across her little arms. She never was afraid of anything; and although she was educated, as most soldiers' daughters are, in an eastern convent and had all the learning and accomplishments of a fashionable young lady, she was always the same natural little thing that used to run out at sunset and clasp the flagstaff in her chubby arms and defy the soldiers to haul the colors down.

Of course, the private soldiers didn't expect to be noticed by her. Although she wasn't above giving the humblest of them a nod and kindly smile. But that Englishman didn't understand the caste lines in the American army. It seems he was a gentleman — as they're counted

over there — and a good enough fellow any way, in spite of our prejudice. But I mean he was the younger son of a titled family, and seemed to think he could enter the service here and preserve the respect due his rank, just as it would be in the old country. But you and I know that doesn't go in this army.

Along the first year of his enlistment he had a great streak of luck. A party of ladies from the post were salmon-fishing, and when the inevitable accident occurred, and Chiquita fell in the river, although a thousand men on the reservation were waiting and praying for just such an opportunity, no one but that confounded Englishman was on hand to save her!

You know what the Columbia is. If one goes down in its icy green waters there is never a hope of coming up again. And, of course, the old colonel was grateful. After that the private soldier would step up, as bold as you please, and speak to the young lady on parade, and join the group of young West Pointers always hanging around her, with apparently no remembrance of his strapless shoulders. It made us sick. And the colonel chewed the ends of his gray mustache and swore under

his breath at the British impudence. But as for Chiquita herself — no one could tell what she thought! One thing alone bothered me. She wore a locket — a new one — on a fine chain of gold around her neck. And once she dropped it on the ground, and, as I picked it up, I saw the words: "Nil desperandum."

Things went on quietly, with never a fight to relieve our minds, for a whole summer. Then came news from England that made the young soldier get leave of absence and return home. He had a stormy interview with the colonel before he left, in which that bluff old warhorse told him flatly no one but an American could claim Chiquita; no, not if he had a thousand titles and owned half the snug little island. For it seems the boy was made an earl by the death of his brother.

Chiquita's eyes were red, but there was a glimmer of gold under the frills on the bosom of her white dress all that season, and I remembered the motto in the locket.

A year went by, and then the regiment was transferred. The colonel came east to rest for a while and to consult some specialists with their new fangled ways of locating the bullets in old wounds. And about the same time the light-haired Englishman sailed from Liver-

pool and calmly managed to meet the colonel and his daughter on Broadway.

It was all up then. The colonel had to give in. But he cried at her wedding like a baby.

A British flag was draped with our colors at the marriage, but when I went to kiss our little army girl goodbye I looked at her bonnie head under the diadem of a countess and then at the little hands, brown still with the tan of the plains.

"Chiquita," I said, "never let them haul down our flag," and then, sir, I broke down and was as silly as an old soldier can be.

She sailed in a few days, and they tell me she is very happy in her stately home. But the old regiment is lonely enough now, and at sunset, old campaigners that we are, our sight grows dim as we think of the colonel's little girl as she used to stand at sunset clasping the flagpole with her chubby arms.

Ah, "Chiquita, la bonita!"

THE OLD HOUSE.

Cold and cheerless, bare and bleak,
The old house fronts the shabby street·
And the dull windows eastward gaze,
As their cobwebbed brows they raise,
Just as tho' they looked to see
What had become of you and me,
And all the other children.

The garden at the side,—you know,
Where mother's flowers used to grow,—
Has run as wild as we'd have grown
If we had not her training known,
The vines she bent still twine each tree;
As cling her prayers to you and me,
And all her other children.

Over the eaves, wrinkled and bare,
The gray moss floats like tangled hair.
If we had heard these echoes flung
Down the long halls, when we were young,
We'd never scurried off to bed—
You and I—thro' the gloom o'erhead,
With all the other children.

On our wide orbs the eyes of night
Gazed softly, with mesmeric light;
When mother bent above our bed
The silver moonlight touched her head,
And in my dreams her face I'd see,
Madonna-like, shine over me—
Shine over all her children.

The dust drifts o'er the garret floor,
The little feet tread there no more;
But o'er the stage, still standing there,
The Muse first stalked with tragic air,
And whispered low to you and me,
Of golden days that were to be
For us, and all the children.

Good-bye, old house! Thy tattered cloak
Is fringed with moss and gray with smoke:
Within thy walls we used to see
A gaunt old wolf named Poverty;
Yet from thy rafters' dingy bars
A ladder stretched up to the stars—
For us, and all the children.